The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 101

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 105

THE READER—

The Humour of Mark Twain. By Barry Pain 107

Mark Twain, the Man and the Jester. By Walter Jerrold 111

Mark Twain: Some Personal Recollections and Impressions. By Various Writers 116

"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 119

Thomas Hardy: An Appreciation 122

NEW BOOKS—

The Novel in Russia. By Thomas Seccombe 123

The Vindication of the Puritan. By Holbrook Jackson ... 125

A French Alcibiades. By F. H. 126

The Criticism of Words. By Arthur Ransome 126

Mrs. Sherwood. By Lilian Quiller Couch 127

The O.B. By A. G. 128

Life at Eastbourne. By Edward Thomas 128

The Devourers 129

Perfectly Honey. By Henry Baeklein 130

The Modern Drama. By A. St. John Adcock 131

An Englishwoman in France. By F. G. Bettany... 132

The Writer of "Vathek." By Walford D. Green ... 133

NOVEL NOTES—

Canadian Born—My Lady of Aros—True Gold—The Marriage Ring—Tower of Ivory—Hypocrites and Sinners—A Maid of the Silver Sea—A Marriage under the Terror—The Island Providence 135-7

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Leonardo da Vinci's Note-Books — Many Gods — Party and People — Mad Shepherds — The Beautiful Queen — Lord Cockburn's Memorials of his Time—Antoinette Bourignon...137-9

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 139

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 140

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The next number of The Bookman will be a Kate Douglas Wiggin Number, and will contain a special article on this popular novelist by Ashley Gibson. Other important articles in the July number will be "The Fine Art of Letters Humane," by Dr. William Barry; "J. S. Mill," by Henry Murray; and "The Spacious Days of Great Victoria," by Thomas Seccombe.

The death of King Edward VII. made every other event of last month seem more or less unimportant. His short reign added many brilliant chapters to British history, that are not the less brilliant because they register greater progress in the arts of peace than in the arts of war; and if the chapter devoted to Edwardian literature is not so obviously significant, there are potentialities, significances, the quickening of a new and larger and more human spirit to be found in that record by anybody who can read between the lines. But so far as actual accomplishment in literature is concerned, it must be admitted that the nine years of Edward's reign look poor and meagre by comparison with the seven years of William IV. or the first nine years of Victoria. To say nothing of older and equally or more famous writers who were then at the height of their fame, Robert Browning, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Dickens, and Carlyle published their earliest work under William's rule, and Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning their first books of moment; whilst the first nine years of Victoria, with Dickens, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Tennyson among the greatest of living writers, saw the appearance of the first books of Thackeray, Kingsley, Macaulay, Lever, Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, John Stuart Mill, Kinglake, Froude, Freeman, and Ruskin.

Nearly all the most popular and the most important authors of the late reign were also among the most important and the most popular of the latter years of Victoria. One could make a very long and a notable list of these, but of poets, novelists, miscellaneous writers who have had their rise in Edward's time—how many are there? There is Chesterton; his first book dates a little farther back, but he has done all his best work in the last nine years; there are John Galsworthy and

Archibald Marshall; Alfred Noyes, W. H. Davies, Herbert Trench; one might supplement these with a few other names, yet with none of greater distinction or of higher promise; but the greatest poet and the greatest novelist that the Edwardian era produced are beyond question Thomas Hardy and William de Morgan, neither of whom really entered upon his career as poet or as novelist until he had reached an age at which most poets and most novelists have finished their work. We have touched on that later development of Mr. Hardy elsewhere in this issue, and are dealing very fully with the work of Mr. de Morgan in the August Number of THE BOOKMAN.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Messrs. Newnes are each issuing a Life of King Edward VII. in fortnightly parts, and from the Amalgamated Press comes the first part of "King Edward VII.: His Life and Times," an historical work which deals with the personality and the period covered by the King's life, and was commenced last year with his Majesty's consent. It is edited by Sir Richard Holmes, who wrote the official Life of Queen Victoria and has been for thirty-six years librarian at Windsor Castle. A new Life of Edward VII. was published last week by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and Messrs. Nelson have added an admirable monograph on the late King to their Sevenpenny series. Yet another new Life, by several authors, is announced by Messrs. Skeffington; and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published "The Golden Book of Edward VII.," which is largely made up of passages from the late King's speeches.

Miss Louise Mack.

Whose new novel, "In a White Palace," will be published by Messrs. Alston Rivers this month.

Photo by Bullingham. **Baroness Orczy.**

The sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Westminster Abbey on the Sunday following the death of King Edward has been published in pamphlet form by Mr. John Murray.

The Baroness Orczy's popular romance, "The Elusive Pimpernel," is meeting with a continuous demand such as falls to the lot of very few novels nowadays. Messrs. Hutchinson have gone to press with a new edition which completes the total of 200,000 copies.

Hypnotism has been exhaustively written about in America and on the Continent, but in England it has been among the more or less neglected sciences, and it is many years since any qualified practitioner has given us the results of his original researches. Dr. Bernard Hollander has, however, now completed an entirely new work in this direction, written on popular lines and entitled "Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education, and Medical Practice," and Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing the book immediately.

"The Young Idea" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing in the autumn. In his second book, as in his first, "The Merry Heart," Mr. Swinnerton deals with clerk-life, and gives a serious study of the domestic and economic difficulties with which the lives of City clerks are beset.

The Life of Chatterton upon which Mr. John H. Ingram is known to have been engaged for a long time past will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. An entirely new biography of the Bristol poet is promised, largely based upon original documents. Amongst the new matter will be some unknown poems, including the suppressed "Exhibition." A main object of the biography is understood to be the refutation of old falsehoods, as well as the furnishing of new facts. The work is to be profusely illustrated with portraits, views, and *facsimile* reproductions of Chattertonian documents.

Though "Bess of Hardwick," which Messrs. Hutchinson have just published, is the first memoir Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson has written, it is her tenth book, all the others being novels, and she is now finishing the eleventh, another novel, which Messrs. Methuen will issue during the summer. This latter is the story of a girl who goes out into the world with only her 'cello between her and want, and who eventually makes a big hit in musical circles on the Continent and in England. Mrs. Rawson lives in the country, and believes in keeping normal hours and working systematically; she is at her desk every day from ten o'clock till lunch time, and again for some hours in the afternoon, but never works after eight at night. She is already planning another memoir, also of the Elizabethan period, and yet another novel of modern life.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has made a collection of his essays that Mr. Grant Richards will publish this autumn. He is at present engaged on the history of a contemporary phase of art and ideas, and hopes to have the book finished by the end of the year. Mr. Jackson, who is still only in the middle thirties, has been writing ever since his school-days, his first article getting into print when he was sixteen; and he considers that he owes most of his education to his truant rambles in the fields and round the docks and wharves of Liverpool, where he was born. His earliest regular journalistic engagement was on the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*. Coming to London, he became joint editor of the *New Age*, but finding the editorial drudgery too irksome resigned his position within a year, and has since been a regular contributor to several magazines and newspapers, including *Black and White*, the *Morning Leader*, the *Daily News*, the *Idler*, etc. He is specially interested in the revival of Folk Art, and in modern Art and Sociology, and has published some half-dozen books; his monograph on Bernard Shaw was lately re-issued in a popular shilling edition by Mr. Grant Richards, and his anthology of children's poems, "Everchild," had a great success, and has just gone into a second and enlarged edition.

We live at such a rate nowadays that more than one expert has declared lately that the vogue

of the popular monthly magazine is on the wane, and that readers are getting too impatient to wait longer than a week between the publication days of their periodicals. But it is never safe to put too much faith in the expert. A new quarterly, the *Town-Planning Review*, made its first appearance last month, and we hear that preparations are afoot for the starting of a new and ambitious quarterly devoted to literature, art, and the drama in the autumn. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that even in America, where the rate of living is supposed to be faster than our own, the more leisurely manner of publication is still in favour, and we have just received the second number of *Everyland*, a quarterly magazine for younger readers that is said to have scored a remarkable success.

Another new periodical that is to make its appearance in the autumn is *Bart Kennedy's Paper*. It will be a penny weekly on popular lines, with the strong personality of its founder and editor to give it a distinctive note.

Mr. Henry Leach, whose "Letters of a Modern Golfer" has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon, is probably writing more about golf, at present, than any other journalist. He has published several books on the subject, and for some years has written a regular weekly article about it for the *Standard*, *Evening News*, *Observer*, and is now doing the same in the *Sketch*, and in two or three American magazines, and, in addition, writes frequently on the great game in the *Field*, *Outlook*, and elsewhere.

Miss Cynthia Stockley.

Photo by Frank J. Hill.

Mr. Eric Clement Scott.

Miss Cynthia Stockley's successful novel, "Poppy: The Story of a South African Girl," published last year by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, is now in its ninth edition, and a shilling edition of her story, "Virginia of the Rhodesians," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Journalism has always been an excellent training-ground for the novelist, and Mr. Eric Clement Scott, whose first book, "The Fall of a Saint," Messrs. Greening are just publishing, has gone through his full share of exercises in that as well as in other fields. He is the son of the well-known author and dramatic critic who was for so long associated with the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Scott's earliest ambition was to get into one of the Services, but after studying for the Royal Navy, for Woolwich, and for Sandhurst, he got through last on the list of successful candidates for the "line," and then, instead of going to the Royal Military College, went on the stage, acted in London and the provinces, proceeded to America, and served for three years under Augustin Daly in New York. In America he caught the war fever, returned to England in the autumn of 1899, saw fourteen months' active service in South Africa with the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, and came back home, at last, with a medal with three clasps, forty pounds deferred pay, and a book on the humours of the campaign which nobody would publish. Not having energy and perseverance enough to

hustle about selling his stories when he had written them, Mr. Scott says: "I had presently no choice between going into regular journalism or the workhouse, and I chose the former, my principal connections being with the now defunct *Sun* and the *Bystander*, in which for some years I wrote the dramatic criticisms."

The death of Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian poet and novelist, removes one more of the few latter-day men of letters whose fame is not limited by the boundary lines of their native countries, but spreads over all Europe. The son of a village pastor, Björnson was born at Kvikne, in the Dovre Fjeld, Norway, in 1832. He began his literary career in 1856 with his historical play "Between the Battles," and for the succeeding fifteen years devoted himself mainly to the writing of historical drama and those wonderful peasant idylls that made his name a household word throughout Norway; in the 'seventies he turned from the romance of history and rural life and, both on the stage and in his books, began to handle the social, religious, and political problems of the time with a breadth of vision and realistic power that place him easily among the masters of modern realistic literature. He wrote the Norwegian National Anthem, and as poet and orator played a leading part in the recent political movements that led to the separation of Norway from Sweden, and the assertion of its independence and individuality as a nation. Perhaps the greatest of Björnson's dramas is "The New System," and of his novels, "The Paths of God" and "In God's Way." By these and by "Mary" and "The Heritage of the Kurts" he is best known in this country, where translations of his novels and tales are published by Mr. Heinemann in thirteen volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Photo by Wilse, Christiana.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

Professor George Brandes sends us the following interesting personal opinion of Björnson: "The Norwegian nation as it is to-day could not be imagined without him. He has formed it, has created the newer Norwegian national consciousness, inasmuch as he has given to high and low books that they could understand, and that were also literary masterpieces, and inasmuch as he thus scattered among them ideas that were new to the masses and intelligible to them. His education was certainly fragmentary, so that not seldom he made mistakes in his verdicts upon actual conditions, but, without being deep or particularly acute, his understanding was sound and straight, and therefore was useful, and often led aright. That he had his limits like other men would not have mattered if he had but known it. Unfortunately he did not. But from his youth to the last year of his life he was emphatically a man of genius, possessing the supreme gifts of genius abundantly. His giant figure was the embodiment of the Greek word meaning good and beautiful in one. To Norway he was the flag, the purely Norwegian flag; to Europe and America he was the greatest interpreter that has ever risen of the Norwegian nationality."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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THE READER.

THE HUMOUR OF MARK TWAIN.

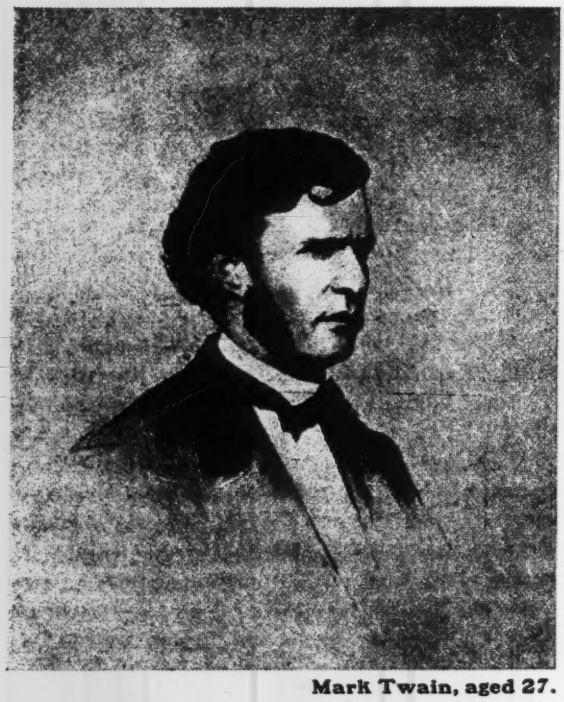
By Barry Pain.

THE *Saturday Review*, in the issue which appeared just after Mark Twain's death, declared that he was less than a humorist. The *Spectator* of the same date found that he was much more than a humorist. It may be that the difference between these two authorities lies less in their critical estimate of Mark Twain than in their idea and definition of a humorist. The *Spectator* in that case considers the humorist merely as a fun-maker, and wishes to point out that Mark Twain had a serious side. He had. All fun-makers have, and some of them have very little else. The *Saturday Review*, if I interpret correctly, would call the fun-maker a humorist only if his work possessed a certain artistic quality. Now Mark Twain's artistic endowment was very slight, but he was a successful fun-maker.

He was often very funny, and he knew every trick of the trade. Turn the pages of his travel-books, and note how often he makes fun of himself. At Delhi, for instance, two monkeys got into his room. He writes: "When I woke, one of them was before the glass brushing his hair, and the other one had my note-book, and was reading a page of humorous notes and crying. I did not mind the one with the hair-brush, but the conduct of the other one hurt me; it hurts me yet." He knows very well that it is much easier to make the reader laugh at you than to make him laugh with you. He knows the amusing juggle with sequence and consequence. For example, he gives the programme of the tourist ship in which he travelled innocently abroad. He paid a deposit as an intending passenger. He adds: "Shortly, a supplementary programme was issued which set forth that the Plymouth Collection of Hymns would be used on board the ship. I then paid the balance of my passage money." He knows the joys of pure nonsense. He was told, he says, that "the only difference between a dingo and a dodo was that neither of them barked, otherwise they were just the same." Indeed, he is always addicted to the zoological joke. He says of the ornithorhyncus that it "is manifestly a kind of Christian, for it keeps the sabbath when there is anybody around, and when there isn't, doesn't." He understands the humour of the imaginative lie, and can do wonders with the perfect blackguard. One cannot forbear to quote in this connection what Huckleberry Finn has to say as to his father's views on chicken-stealing: "Pap always said, take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot. I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway." Occasionally Mark Twain hits the happy phrase; one gets a very good idea of his solemn Mohammedan servant of whom he says "where he was, it seemed always to be Sunday." More frequently he succeeds in producing what will please most the greatest number, and many scenes and passages from his books have become household words. It is partly for this reason that they are not quoted here.

The vicar's daughter is rather likely to say that she simply adores Mark Twain's German thing and his "Heathen Chinee." The mistake is commoner than it ought to be. In their serious work Mark Twain and Bret Harte are at different poles. Mark Twain was practical and materialistic; Bret Harte was romantic. Mark Twain sometimes softened into sentimentality on certain subjects; Bret Harte was sometimes a poet. Mark Twain's humorous writing at its best does bear some resemblance to Bret Harte's, but Bret Harte made far fewer inartistic blunders. It may be added as a sort of natural corollary, and also as some confirmation of the view advanced, that Mark Twain when he died left far more money behind him than Bret Harte did. In dealing with the artistic defect of Mark Twain's humour, one must always remember the date at which he wrote. For instance, in his "Innocents Abroad" he gives us the fun of sea-sickness and some rather ponderous satire on bad

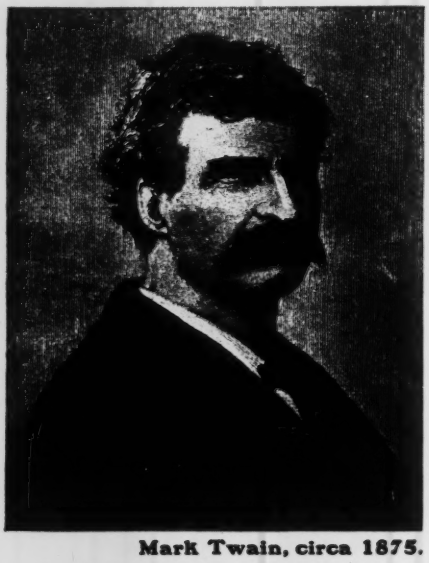
Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mark Twain in 1907.**



Mark Twain, aged 27.

From a photograph taken soon after his experience as a soldier of the South.

music. But it is not fair to mention this unless one also mentions that the book was written and published in the 'sixties. Nothing "dates" quite so much as humour. The good joke has a bad destiny. It is repeated until one becomes weary; and then it is imitated until one becomes frantic. Besides, the change of things often destroys its application. When Lewis Morris confided to a waiting public that he wrote most of the "Epic of Hades" on the underground railway, it was said that this accounted for the "Epic of Hades," and incidentally for the atmosphere of the line. It was good enough at the time, but the line has now been electrified, and its atmosphere is no longer a sure cure for certain pulmonary complaints and an annoyance to the general public. And other jokes have perished. This should be remembered in our estimate. The marksman may be shooting admirably, but as the target has been removed we do not notice it.



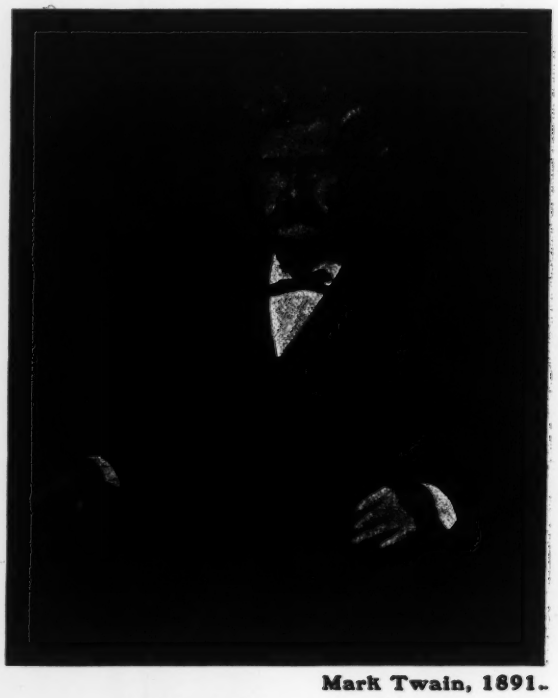
Mark Twain, circa 1875.

From a photograph taken about the time of the publication of "Tom Sawyer."

If we make this allowance, it may then be said that when Mark Twain's humour fails, it is because his taste fails. It was his misfortune to hate all that was old and established. He loathed kings and aristocracies. He loathed mediævalism. The most beautiful of all legends was not sacred to him. He loathed anything which he believed to be a superstition. He belabours with the jester's bauble the peasant at his prayers. I do not allude only to that dismal failure, his "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." Many instances of this dullness of perception may be found in his travel books. He has a tendency to cake-walk in the cathedral. As long as it is another man's cathedral, he thinks it does not matter, and thus misses the principal reason why it does matter. The most preposterous suggestion ever made by a literary paper was the suggestion that a memorial to Mark Twain should be erected in Westminster Abbey. One might as well erect a statue to the honour of Guy Fawkes in the House of Commons. His mistakes of this kind might easily lead one into a wrong estimate of the man himself. He wrote

Mark Twain, 1868.

From a photograph taken on his return from the trip to Europe on the *Quaker City*.



Mark Twain, 1891.

From the painting by Charles Noel Flagg.

The Wood-Yard Man.
From "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

A Rise in Bear Meat.
From "Mark Twain's Library of Humour." (Chatto.)

"Yes, I'll save you."
From "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

The Pilgrims' Vision.
Frontispiece to "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MARK TWAIN'S BOOKS.

irreverently, but he was not incapable of reverence. He hated chivalry, but his own views on women were eminently chivalrous. He seems to disregard the feelings of others, but he was really a kindly man. He was, for instance, a violent opponent of vivisection, and even his complete ignorance of the subject, demonstrated in one of his short stories, did not arrest his enthusiasm.

Mark Twain's House at Hartford.

From a photograph that was approved by Mr. Clemens.

Bret Harte once told me that all humour consisted in either under-statement or over-statement. This would seem to bring humour within the reach of all of us, and is perhaps a little too good to be true. It is true of course that a sense of proportion is an essential part of the equipment of the humorist. Mark Twain could use understatement with great effect, as in his comment on the premature obituary notice. But he employed humorous exaggeration till it became wearisome. It soon becomes wearisome, perhaps because unpractised writers have made it too common. I do not know why the amateur speculator is always a bull and never a bear; but I am told that this is so. I do not know why the amateur humorist relies solely on exaggeration. "It is, but didn't ought to be." The most difficult achievement for the humorist is to get the effect of real life; if he can get that, all his fun becomes funnier.

The Irish Brigade.

From "Roughing It," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

It is a good and well-known rule that the author of a story may keep at any distance from real life, but that he must keep the same distance throughout the story. This rule Mark Twain persistently disregards, and his humour suffers from it. Note for instance in "Huckleberry Finn" how he steps down from the plane of real life to the plane of sheer farce. It is like a change of key without modulation. It jars, it irritates. And the irritated man does not smile. Undoubtedly rules are only made in order that genius may break them, but the result must judge of the genius.

It always seems to me to be more difficult to criticise than to produce, although I know that this is not the accepted view. Mark Twain's thoroughly independent judgment condemns one noted classic, and I am afraid that in this case I am wholly in agreement with him. This is what he says about "The Vicar of Wakefield":

> "A singular book. Not a sincere line in it, and not a character that invites respect; a book which is one long waste-pipe discharge of goody-goody puerilities and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos which revolts, and humour which grieves the heart. There are few things in literature that are more piteous, more pathetic, than the celebrated 'humorous' incident of Moses and the spectacles."

The opinion may be heterodox, but at least it avoids the sin of novelty. In 1808 William Windham wrote about the same work:

"A most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author.

or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, uninteresting digressions, false opinions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt and never being quite successful."

After all, humour is a light matter, gossamer-winged, and it is easy to bring it to earth. The critic catches it and runs it through the stamp-mill, and then examines the product. "A shocking bad butterfly," he says. We can only agree with him. But butterflies, in the words of the notice, are not constructed to carry heavy weights.

MARK TWAIN, THE MAN AND THE JESTER.

BY WALTER JERROLD.

IT was in the best sense of the much-abused word that Mark Twain was a jester. There are stolid serious folk who regard a man who makes jokes, who puns, who sees the light side of things, as a person incapable at once of depth of thought or feeling, and perhaps nothing will persuade them that they are almost wholly wrong. Show me a humorist and I will show you one who is, perhaps far more than the average, a man of deep feeling. The truth has been pointed out again and again, but the anti-humorists have a defect in their mental vision which makes them incapable of recognising it. Motley is, indeed, the only wear for the man who feels as well as thinks. Your humorist laughs sometimes that he may not cry, and seeks to move the risibility of others that they may be kept from tears. If we take four prominent nineteenth-century humorists — Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain — we shall find them all men who were essentially serious minded. It is impossible to follow closely the full story of the life of any one of these — and the rule holds good of other humorists, too—without recognising this, yet the world goes on talking of the great humorists as though they were "funny men"—men of mere flippancy, wanting in all appreciation of life's serious side. The grave folk who see nothing in Thomas Hood but a verbicide, in Mark Twain nothing but a master of drollery and exaggeration, are the people who are fond of snubbing those who venture to speak playfully with what they regard as the unanswerable solemnity of "still waters run deep." Those same waters are far more beautiful and sanative when sparkling under sunshine than when darkling under cloud It is the Mark Twains — "may their tribe increase"—who illuminate the still waters of life, and those who affect to look down upon the "funny man" would do well to ponder the fact. Those who prefer to employ established phrases rather than recognise sufficiently obvious facts are fond of quoting Dr. Samuel Johnson as saying that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Had Johnson possessed the priceless gift of humour, he might have won immortality for himself instead of having to accept it at the hands of James Boswell.

Portrait by George Hutchinson.
By permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The story of Mark Twain's life is a further refutation, if such were needed, of the alliterative but inept Johnsonian dictum, for the name of the American humorist will always be linked with that illuminating episode in his career which has its fine parallel in the history of literature in the life-story of Sir Walter Scott.

Every schoolboy in the United States of America is,

A General Good Time.

From "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

it is said, a potential President, as every soldier in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and certainly if we look at the bead-roll of America's famous men, we see how true the saying is, at any rate in its broader sense. That the career is open to talent in the great democracy of the West will be shown very plainly when the United States produces its parallel to our "Dictionary of National Biography"; that a man who begins life in a log cabin may come to control a great State's destiny from the White House has been seen; but there are other Presidents than that of the States—a Whittier, a Whitman, a Mark Twain may win his way to front rank position from the humblest beginnings. The thing may, of course, be done in the Old World, but it seems rather the rule than the exception in the New.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, to give him his legal names, was born on November 30, 1835, so that he was in his seventy-fifth year at the time of his death. He was born of parents in humble circumstances at Florida in the State of Missouri ("the village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one per cent."). His father died when Mark Twain, to give him the name by which he will live, was a boy of twelve, and the little chap had at once to go out into the world as a wage-earner. He had but a weak and sickly childhood, his life being saved "several times" by the local doctor, and Mark Twain, recorded that asking his mother about it in her old age, he said:

"'I suppose that all that time you were uneasy about me?'

"'Yes, the whole time.'

"'Afraid I would not live?'

"After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—'No, afraid you would.'"

If the story was not "embroidered," it suggests that the author must have inherited his dominant quality from his mother, but in another reminiscence he says that his mother was asked:

"'Do you ever believe anything that boy says?'

"She replied, 'He is the well-spring of truth, but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket; I know his average, therefore he never deceives me. I discount him 30 per cent. for embroidery, and what is left is pure and priceless truth.'"

The taste for "embroidering" of the boy was to make the fortune of the man, was to add to American literature one of the most remarkable characteristics of the national humour. But between the beginnings

Frontispiece to "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

of boyhood and the establishing of the writer were to lie many and varied experiences, all of which were to have their part in shaping the humorist, in sharpening his observation and storing his memory with incidents and characters. First apprenticed to a printer, he worked at that trade for a few years, but at the age of seventeen got as near as opportunity offered to indulging in his boyish desire for a pirate's career, by learning pilotage on a Mississippi steamer. How he "learnt the river" was duly recorded in "Life on the Mississippi," and how this experience gave him the pen-name, now known all the world over, will probably be familiar to most readers, but it may be repeated once again for the benefit of the rest. As the steamer passed up or down the river, regular soundings were taken to avoid the shallows, and the frequent repetition of the sounder's call—"By the mark one (fathom), by the mark twain"—suggested the quaint name which, having become famous, seems to be almost inevitably fitting. When the Civil War broke out, the work of the pilot was no longer needed, and as a young man of twenty-five Samuel Clemens went first to Nevada, where, after a turn in the mines, he took to writing for the local papers and to using the pseudonym of "Mark Twain." Thence he passed to San Francisco, where he fell in with Bret Harte and joined with him in running the *Californian*. As Mr. W. D. Howells put it, "These ingenious young men, with the fatuity of gifted people, had established a literary newspaper in San Francisco, and they brilliantly co-operated to its early extinction." Bret Harte described Mark Twain as he appeared on their first meeting:

"His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so eagle-like that even a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances. He spoke in a slow, rather satirical drawl, which was in itself irresistible. He went on to tell one of those extravagant stories, and half unconsciously dropped into the lazy tone and manner of the original narrator. I asked him to tell it again to a friend who came in, and then asked him to write it out for the *Californian*. He did so, and when published it was an emphatic success."

"He drew his thumb along the edge."
From "Prince and Pauper," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

The Wedding Procession.
From "Tom Sawyer Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

The story was that of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." In the year 1867 that quaint yarn was published with a number of others as Mark Twain's first book, and in that same year a 'Frisco journal made it possible for him to join a party of tourists bound for the Mediterranean. Two years later the letters which he had sent home to his paper were published in volume form as "The Innocents Abroad," and met with such instant success on both sides of the Atlantic that within three years it is said 125,000

copies were sold. Thenceforward the name of Mark Twain was recognised as that of one of the first of American humorists. At the same time that he was making his reputation as author, he was also starting lecturing, a business which was to stand him in good stead in a later time of trial.

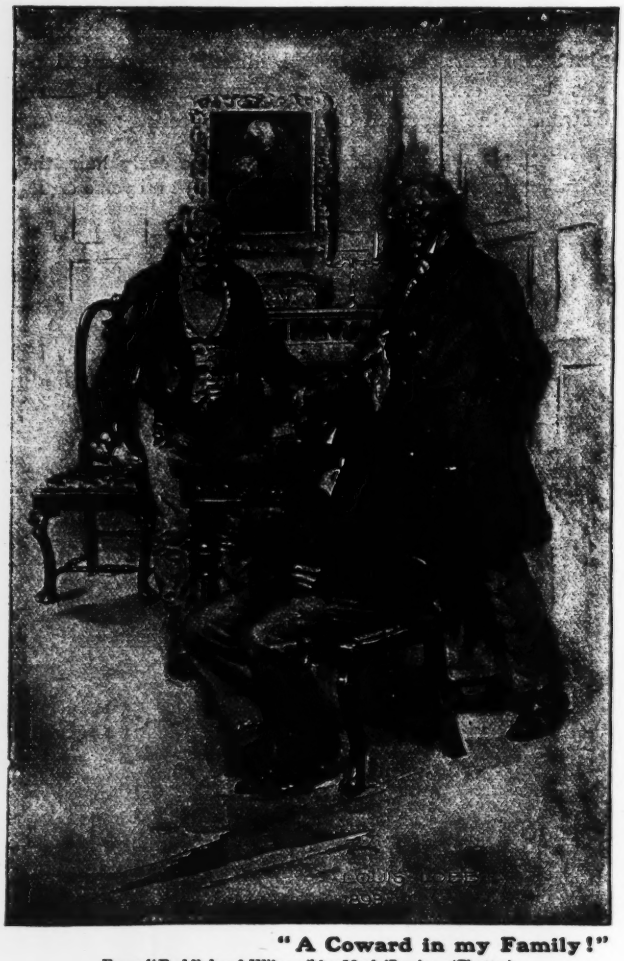
The year after the publication of "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain married, and it is pleasant to know that the voyage which directly led to the writing of the first of his entertaining and most unconventional travel books led also indirectly to his happy marriage. In the state-room of one of his fellow-voyagers named Langdon Mark Twain saw the portrait of Langdon's sister, which so fascinated him that on returning home

Mark Twain, 1898.
From the painting by Spiridon.

he sought the lady's acquaintance, and less than three years after the trip to Europe he married Miss Olivia L. Langdon. A year after marriage he went to live at Hartford, Connecticut, which remained his home for many years. In 1872, he published "Roughing It," which had considerable success, and in 1876 came "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," a book full of humorous entertainment, and one that with its companions has been well described as having real historical value. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were at once recognised as additions to the gallery of the immortals of fiction, the characters that have become as real to readers as people who have lived, that are recognised by all. The Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn series of books would alone have sufficed to give their author a lasting

"M-a-r-k Twain!"

reputation among the masters of fiction; his short stories and sketches would alone have given him standing as a quaint humorist, while besides these we have among others his travel books and his quasi-historical



"A Coward in my Family!"
From "Pudd'nhead Wilson," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

stories, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." The last-mentioned books are not comparable with those in which the humorist dealt with the life which he had known, the people he had met. (In prefacing the first of the Tom Sawyer books, he mentioned that Huckleberry Finn was drawn from life, while Tom himself was a kind of composite portrait of three boys, and most of the adventures recorded really occurred, some to the author and some to his schoolmates.) Perhaps "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"—published just a quarter of a century ago—is the best of this series of books, both for its character delineation and the fine freedom of the narrative, which according to the author's threatening preface is without motive, moral, or plot.

Many are the anecdotes told illustrative of Mark Twain's ready appreciation of the humorous in a situation, but it is not unfitting that the story which will always be linked with his name is one that really illustrates the innate seriousness of the man. Having invested his money in a publishing business, the firm with which he was connected failed, and Mark Twain, then over sixty years of age, set out on a lecturing tour, not that he might start making a fresh fortune for himself, but for the purpose of making money to pay off the creditors of his firm in full; as he put it, "honour is a harder master than the law—it cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents in the dollar." It was a brave resolve, successfully carried out, and in it we get some indication of the character of the man.

"It was sing—dance—carouse every night."
From "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

Pharo-Moses.
From "A Tramp Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

Of the peculiar quality of Mark Twain's humour, I am not called upon to speak, but it may be pointed out that much of the charm of his writing lies in the way in which it illustrates the dictum that the style is the man. Any one who heard him talk, if it was only in the making of an after-dinner speech, could then realise how closely his pen-sentences followed the way of his spoken ones. (Which is by no means the invariable rule with writers.) Indeed, if his stories are read aloud in a somewhat drawling, deliberative manner, their effectiveness is heightened. It is as though the sentences were punctuated by cigar-whiffs, and that not only when he was being entertaining, anecdotal, reminiscential, but when he indulged in stern criticism, for as he put it, he could be dreadfully rough on a person when the mood took him. How rough those readers interested in the recent "library censorship" discussion may see by turning to the closing chapter of "A Tramp Abroad," where Mark Twain poured fine scorn on those who would deny to literature the freedom allowed to the painter's art.

In Mark Twain we have, perhaps, the most individual expression of the American genius in literature; to quote a critic of some years ago, "in his turn of art, his literary methods and aims, he is as distinctly national as the Fourth of July," and in that fact lies the

certainty of his immortality of fame. Much of the life of which he wrote in his most characteristic books has changed or is changing, but as long as men remember that once they were boys, the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn will be read, and they will also have a lasting value, for—as Huckleberry Finn is recorded as having written of the man who invented him—"there are things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth." The words might stand as the great humorist's epitaph.

MARK TWAIN.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS BY JEROME K. JEROME, E. V. LUCAS, WALTER EMANUEL, J. J. BELL, LEONARD HENSLOWE, ARNOLD BENNETT, OWEN SEAMAN, W. PETT RIDGE, AND F. ANSTEY GUTHRIE.

JEROME'S FIRST MEETING WITH HIM.

VERY few knew that Mark Twain was living in London. Our little girls met at a gymnasium, and revealed to one another the secret of their parentage. So that I wrote to him, and he and his daughter—his wife, always a sufferer, was too ill to accompany him—came and dined with us in a little house that looked out upon Hyde Park. It was our first meeting,. I had anticipated, to confess the truth, feeling slightly in awe of him, and was, in consequence, somewhat shocked at the attitude of Hail-fellow-well-met that my little girl, after staring at him for a good half-minute, assumed towards him for the rest of the evening. We sat talking, looking out upon the silent park, till pretty late; and it struck me as curious, turning back into the house after having seen him and his daughter into their cab, that neither of us had made a single joke nor told a funny story. I met him, perhaps, some half a dozen times after that, but we were never alone again. In public he always carried—a little wearily, so it seemed to me—the burden of the professional humorist, and at such times I thought wistfully of the man of deep feeling and broad sympathies—of the grave, earnest, shrewdly whimsical thinker—I should like to have met and talked with again.

JEROME K. JEROME.

E. V. LUCAS AND TWAIN AT A "PUNCH DINNER."

To me "Huckleberry Finn" is Mark Twain's best book—and, indeed, one of the best books by any one—and next to that I put "Tom Sawyer," and then a volume that exists only in fancy made up of passages from all the others, down to the "Tramp Abroad" and "Life on the Mississippi," in which those early works, "Roughing It," "The Innocents at Home," and the "Jumping Frog" collection, are very strongly represented. But "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" stand just as they were written: every word counts. In the next edition of "Huckleberry Finn," however, I hope that the long and wonderful extract from it that is now to be read in small type only in Chapter III. of "Life on the Mississippi" will be set in its true place.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mark Twain in his robes as D.C.L. of Oxford.**

I met Mark Twain only once. It was on his last visit to London, when he was present at the special *Punch* dinner given in his honour. Under any conditions, there could not have been a more appreciative or interesting guest; but as it happened, a pretty little incident at the very outset of the evening touched a chord of tenderness that enabled those of us who were present to realise a completer Mark Twain than perhaps many of his fellow convivialists on such occasions were in the habit of doing. Immediately upon entering the dining-room, before we had time to sit down, three knocks sounded on an inner door, and there emerged little Miss Agnew bearing in her hands Bernard Partridge's cartoon of a week or so before, representing a welcome to Mark Twain, and this she offered to him in a few simple words. Whether it was the cumulative effect of the kindness of every one with whom he had

To a Master of his Art.

MR. PUNCH (*to Mark Twain*). "Sir, I honour myself by drinking your health. Long life to you—and happiness and perpetual youth!"

Reproduced from *Punch* of June 26, 1907, by special permission of the proprietors.

come in contact since landing, or whether he was overcome by the fresh candour of this child and the dramatic unexpectedness of the gift, I do not know; but Mark Twain was visibly touched, almost melted—and I was conscious throughout the evening that the scene was very near his thoughts. He referred to it more than once in his informal speech, which swung between recollections of London in the 'seventies, the wildest chaff of his old friend Sir Henry Lucy, and passages that were almost too emotional.

In meeting him at last face to face, I was surprised by his size. I had always thought of him as long and gaunt; but he was quite a small man, and his lines were soft. I was surprised also by the almost tremulous gentleness of his expression, but that I imagine was a late acquisition: it had come with age and bereavement. His voice a little disappointed me. One had heard so much of the famous drawl; but, possibly through careful cultivation of a similar mechanism by humorists of our own, I was not carried away by it. But everything that he said was good, and his choice of words seemed to me extremely felicitous.

Not long afterwards I had occasion to write to him about something, and recalled the evening to his mind. In reply, he asked me to go and stay with him at Stormfield, but as his letter began "My dear Lucy," I did not go.

E. V. LUCAS.

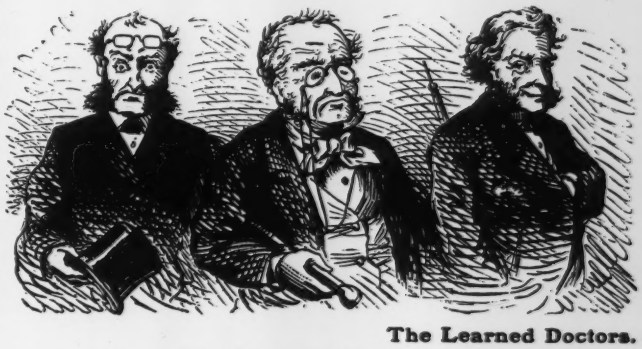
WALTER EMANUEL'S OPINION OF MARK TWAIN'S HUMOUR.

I have always been a man of Mark. He was a hero of my youth, and is still a hero to me—and of how many of one's early literary idols can one say this? Mark Twain is at the back of most of the best humour of to-day. The only thing he failed to teach other writers was how to excel him in his own line. There are some originals who show others how, and are then eclipsed, but it was never so with Mark Twain. The best of his work, in spite of fashions in humour, will assuredly live—as will also the example of his brave, straight life.

WALTER EMANUEL.

J. J. BELL AND A TWAIN JOKE.

I have no personal recollections of the great humorist. I never had the honour of meeting him, and once only I had a glimpse of him, in his "white suit," in Albemarle Street, London, during his last visit to this country. Until then I had never realised that a true humorist could be handsome. But Mark Twain was always bigger than his books. His books did not make *him* what he was. There must be countless people who know him, and will remember him, simply from things he said. When the Cunarder *Lusitania*—or was it the *Mauretania*?—reached New York on her maiden voyage, he was shown over the wonderful vessel; and at the end he remarked: "Well, I guess I must tell Noah about this"—or words to that effect. No one but Mark Twain could have put it that way, and the remark seems to me worth a volume of an ordinary comic paper. And now I can imagine Noah deeply interested in the man who made the only really good



The Learned Doctors.

From "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

joke out of hundreds in connection with the Ark. Mark Twain did much to break the dullness of a drab enough world for millions of people; I cannot conceive of his quick, kindly humour being lost in a brighter place.

Some wonder whether he'll be "read"
For long. . . . Methinks 'tis sweeter
To wonder what his spirit said
To tickle grave St. Peter.

J. J. BELL.

LEONARD HENSLOWE ON INTERVIEWING MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain was always kind to the interviewer, and showed tact even in putting him off. When I visited New York a little time back on an interviewing commission for a London newspaper, I called on him, amongst others, only to find that he was ill in bed; and the next day I received the following charming note from him:

TUXEDO PARK
NEW YORK

Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Henslowe:

I am shut up with illness; but even if I were well I would not be interviewed by any but an enemy, & I am sure I do not take you for that.

Sincerely Yours
S. L. Clemens

Mr. Clemens did not, however, keep to the strict letter of his note, and I subsequently had the privilege of an interview which I shall always remember, inasmuch as Mark Twain did more of the interrogating than I did.

I interviewed him also whilst he was over here on his last visit to England in 1907, and found him most urbanely and delightfully whimsical and obliging. Whilst he was autographing a photograph of himself for me I suggested that he should make a charge for that sort of labour in the interests of some deserving charity. "Yes," murmured Mr. Clemens, "charge a dollar a time and devote the proceeds to the founding of a Home for Mistaken Journalists!"

LEONARD HENSLOWE.

ARNOLD BENNETT CONSIDERS TWAIN WAS A DIVINE AMATEUR.

I never saw Mark Twain. Personally I am convinced that his best work is to be found in the first half of "Life on the Mississippi." The second half is not on the same plane. Episodically, both "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" are magnificent, but as complete works of art they are of quite inferior quality. Mark Twain was always a divine amateur, and he never would or never could appreciate the fact (to which nearly all Anglo-Saxon writers are half or totally blind), that the most important thing in any work of art is its construction. He had no notion of construction, and very little power of self-criticism. He was great in the subordinate business of decoration, as distinguished from construction; but he would mingle together the very best and the very worst decorations. The praise poured out on his novels seems to me exceedingly exaggerated. I like his travel-sketches; by their direct, disdainful naïveté they remind me of Stendhal's. I should be disposed to argue that he has left stuff which will live for a long time among us Anglo-Saxons, but not that he was complete enough to capture Europe.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

OWEN SEAMAN'S WELCOME TO MARK TWAIN IN 1907

TO MARK TWAIN.

GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS CLUB, JUNE 25.

(Reprinted from "Punch" by special permission of the Proprietors.)

Pilot of many Pilgrims since the shout
"*Mark twain!*"—that serves you for a deathless sign—
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet's line—

Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of halcyon seas, long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

O. S.

MR. PETT RIDGE ON THE CHARM OF MARK TWAIN.

I do not know whether a brief note of my first meeting with Mark Twain is of any use to you in the attempt to describe his charm of manner and geniality. A well-intentioned but rather fussy man took me up to him and made the introduction. "This," he said, "is Mr. Pett Ridge." Mark Twain shook hands. "Well known," continued the fussy man, with a fine air of diplomacy, "as the Mark Twain of London!" And left me to extricate myself as best I could from the situation. "He didn't mean that," I said. "What he intended to say was that you were the Pett Ridge of America!" The dear old man took me comfortably by the arm. "Ah," he remarked, "now I can see we shall get along well together." Thanks entirely to him and to his good humour, I believe we did.

W. PETT RIDGE.

F. ANSTEY IN PRAISE OF MARK TWAIN.

From the time when, as a boy, I first made the acquaintance of "The Jumping Frog" and "The Innocents Abroad," I have always been among the most enthusiastic admirers of Mark Twain's inimitable humour.

Every time I re-read "Huckleberry Finn"—which I do periodically—I am more impressed, not only by the delightful fun and spirit of it, but by its wonderful picturesqueness and vividness. I find it very hard to believe that so great a book will ever be forgotten—at least, until the English language has become extinct, which is immortality enough for any author. As to any personal recollections of Mark Twain, I can furnish none of any importance or interest, as, although I had the privilege of meeting him once on each of his two last visits to London, I had no opportunities for more than a very short conversation with him on either occasion.

But I remember an evening party several years ago—exactly how many I forget—when he recited a negro ghost story in dialect with a power that made it extraordinarily "creepy."

ANSTEY GUTHRIE.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3 *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered to the competitor who can name the authors of the following quotations (all from well-known British poets) or to the one who gives the largest number of such names:

(1) "Limits we did not set
Condition all we do."

(2) "A holy thought
Which is a prayer before one knows of it."

(3) "To move on angels' wings were sweet,
But who would therefore scorn his feet?"

(4) "The golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of truth."

(5) "Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give."

(6) "Tamlier than worms are Lovers slain:
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again."

(7) "Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high."

(8) "To know ourselves diseased is half our cure."

(9) "Food and sleep, which two upbear,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man."

(10) "He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

(11) "Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

(12) "The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time."

Martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans.
From "Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss JESS PESCOD, of Caxton Villa, Aylesbury, for the following:

EVE IN EARNEST. BY JOHN BARNETT.

"I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, *Why don't the men propose?*

We also select for printing:

THE SEARCH PARTY. BY G. A. BIRMINGHAM.

"The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling,
The carpet, the walls,
And the floors and the ceiling."

BARHAM, *The Jackdaw of Rheims.*

(Edgar Caton, 46, Ainslie Street, Barrow-in-Furness.)

Frontispiece to "The American Claimant," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

CHANGING CHINA. BY LORD WILLIAM CECIL.

"Break, break, break."

TENNYSON.

(Nina E. Almond, Indiana University Library, Bloomington, Indiana, U.S.A.)

OUT OF THE NIGHT. BY MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

"A cat miaous
Upon the tiles
In twenty thous-
And different styles."

E. V. LUCAS, *Another Book of Verses for Children.*

(Thomas J. Kerins, 220, Thistle Street, Glasgow.)

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

"We won't go home till morning."

(R. Whattam, Malvern House, Spring Bank, Bradford.)

"AFTER DEATH—WHAT?" BY LAMBROSO CESARE.

"They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."

HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown.*

(Mary C. Jobson, Western House, Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham.)

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER. BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

"Ye've such a way wid ye, father avick, . . .
Helpin' onaisy ones,
Coaxin' the crazy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid a stick."

MAHONY'S *Father O'Flynn.*

(Johannes C. Anderson, Box 101, P.O., Christchurch, New Zealand.)

TANGLED RELATIONS. BY COLONEL CUTHBERT LARKING.

"It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which—

. . . . . .

"In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John!"

(Miss W. M. Bayne Meldrum, Balmungo, St. Andrews, Fife, N. B.)

ACCORDING TO MARIA. BY MRS. JOHN LANE.

"For people who stand on legs of gold
Are sure to stand well with society."

T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

(C. H. Collett, 144, Ella Street, Hull.)

II.—The PRIZE for the best quatrain describing favourably or unfavourably any seaside holiday resort is divided, and TWO NEW NOVELS are sent to M. F. LUSTY, of Wilberforce House, Heathcote Road, Epsom, and TWO to G. MUNRO SMITH, of 18, Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

SHANKLIN.

I sing a song of Shanklin, a spot of pure delight
Which rests in southern warmth within the far-famed Isle of Wight:
I sing of flower-clad cliffs, of sandy beach and sun-flecked sea,
Of shady heights within the Chine—Oh! there that I could be.

(M. F. Lusty.)

ON WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Two miles of mud, monotonous, flat;
A strong sea-breeze that blows off your hat;
Children with spades on the stretch of sand;
A town at the back with gardens and band.

(G. Munro Smith.)

Some of the verses sent are not at all descriptive, and some are not quatrains, but good examples have been also received from Harold Lister (Leeds), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Rev. Robert Brewin (Appleby), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Miss G. M. Vickridge (Worthing), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), John W. Lethaby (Tunbridge Wells), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Marion Twill (Hampstead), George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.), Dorothea Trotter (Aberystwyth), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), and S. Doody (Boscombe).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to FRANCIS DRYDEN, of 73, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W., for the following:

THE GREATEST WISH IN THE WORLD.
BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall.)

Were "charm" definable, so might be this book. Mr. Thurston has nothing to say, but he says it delightfully. Peggy is a shadow; Stephen Gale is just a pair of eyes; and Father O'Leary—well, he is the candle of the shadow-show. There never was such a priest. He is rather the incarnation of all Irishry. Mr. Thurston—whom we congratulate on the elimination of the unpleasant—is of all novelists the most discursive. From babies to muffins, from watch-guards to watches at sea, everything goes into this Irish stew of sentimentality. Still, a most pleasant book.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE. BY ADA EARLAND. (Hutchinson.)

It is not often that a woman undertakes to write a biography and criticism of a man whose studies included ethics, mineralogy, and technical art. Yet Miss Earland has succeeded admirably in her task. Her biography of Ruskin is the most comprehensive that has yet been written, and her criticisms of his character, his work and his teaching are clear, sound, and unbiassed. The character-sketches of those great men and women who constituted his "circle" are both pleasing and able. Miss Earland possesses a discriminating genius—she tells us just what we most wish to know about them all.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

CALICO JACK. BY HORACE W. C. NEWTE. (Mills & Boon.)

A trenchant, bitter attack upon contemporary music-hall life. The author has obviously studied his subject at first hand Most of his types are cleverly drawn, particularly the self-satisfied, bumptious sketch artiste "Calico Jack," and the good-hearted, impulsive "serio-comic" Laughing Lily, whose devotion and ultimate self-sacrifice pave the way for the somewhat conventional happy ending. When he leaves music-hall land, however, the writer is less happy. It is impossible to take quite seriously the love-affairs of so vacillating a creature as "Peter," or to accept "Sally" as a true picture of a well-bred English girl.

(Herbert Miers, 2a, Eversley Road, Charlton, Kent.)

CANADIAN BORN. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder.)

If Mrs. Ward's intention was to return thanks to Canada for affording her a pleasant holiday, she can certainly be congratulated on her success. No reader of "Canadian Born" can fail to realise that this beautiful country is a land of vast possibilities; a land which, though still in its infancy, has already shown what its maturity will be capable of. The chief charm of the book is its original setting, for the love-story of the young Canadian railway official and the aristocratic English girl, travelling in great luxury with her invalid brother, can lay claim to little distinction.

(Miss E. Reiss, Ennerdale, Lapwing Lane, Didsbury, Manchester.)

THE WILD HEART. BY M. E. FRANCIS. (Smith, Elder.)

"The Wild Heart" marks an advance on Mrs. Francis's shorter stories and gives scope for more sustained power. The story follows the fortunes of a simple and charming heroine as they become involved in the tragedy which forms their lurid background. The Wild Heart of the tale, whom she marries, has in a poaching fray been guilty of manslaughter. The Medea-like personality of the widow who haunts him to his doom suggests the relentlessness of Greek tragedy, but the sympathetic humour displayed by the author in the delineation of rustic life relieve the sadness of an otherwise charming story.

(Elizabeth Houston, St. Margarets, St. Andrews, Scotland.)

THE MAKING OF A KING. BY I. A. TAYLOR. (Hutchinson.)

Scores of ignoble favourites; the devoted Sully; two Queens, successively his trying and sorely-tried wives—of such was the court, reflecting the character of the able, charming, unprincipled Henri IV. As diverse were the elements of the royal nursery, where "the King" was Louis XIII., quaint, stubborn, lovable, a little autocrat, yet subject to the harshness of indifferent governors, and treated alternately as naughty boy and as Majesty. We take leave of him in bed, playing with toys at the close of the day on which he came of age, and we wonder that he made no mark in history.

(Miss E. O. Broune, College Green, Worcester.)

THE EMPEROR OF THE AIR. BY GEORGE GLENDON. (Methuen.)

Although a book which cannot compare with the scientific novels of Jules Verne, "The Emperor of the Air" thrills us from the first. Mr. Glendon's descriptions are vivid and his enthusiasm for engines is infectious; the plot, however, is somewhat weak. The conclusion is obviously an ingenious solution to an otherwise insoluble difficulty. The author, moreover, whilst appalling the reader with every horror, lacks the ability to paint a finished portrait. Hans Kreutzer, the principal character, is both a wholesale murderer and a cheerful philosopher. In short, Mr. Glendon has a considerable knowledge of machinery, but knows little of men.

(C. V. Hancock, King's School, Worcester.)

We specially commend also the reviews of L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Cicely Leadley Brown (Heswall), M. Windeatt Roberts (Bideford), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), Gladys Smyth (Hampstead), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Lincoln Tregenza (London, E.C.), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Miss H. Callwell (Havant), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), J. Swinscon (Guildford), Constance Kerr (Kirkcaldy), Grace Wood (Bishop's Stortford), John W. Lethaby (Tunbridge Wells), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Charles Stuart (Aberdeen, J. Tregenza (Wallington), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), Dorothy Ranger Gull (Appledore), and Joseph Hanton (Arbroath).

IV.—The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss A. ROBINSON, 17, Cavendish Grove, The Avenue, Southampton.

THOMAS HARDY.

An Appreciation, on the occasion of his Seventieth Birthday.

ON the 2nd of this month the last of the great Victorian novelists reaches his seventieth birthday, and we join the whole world of writers and readers who will to-morrow be offering him their homage and felicitations, in wishing him many more years of pleasant days among the Wessex scenes and people he knows so well and has so wonderfully portrayed. "I would give my hand to write like Hardy," said Robert Louis Stevenson, and none but one of the greatest could move so fine a brother of the craft to such whole-hearted eulogy.

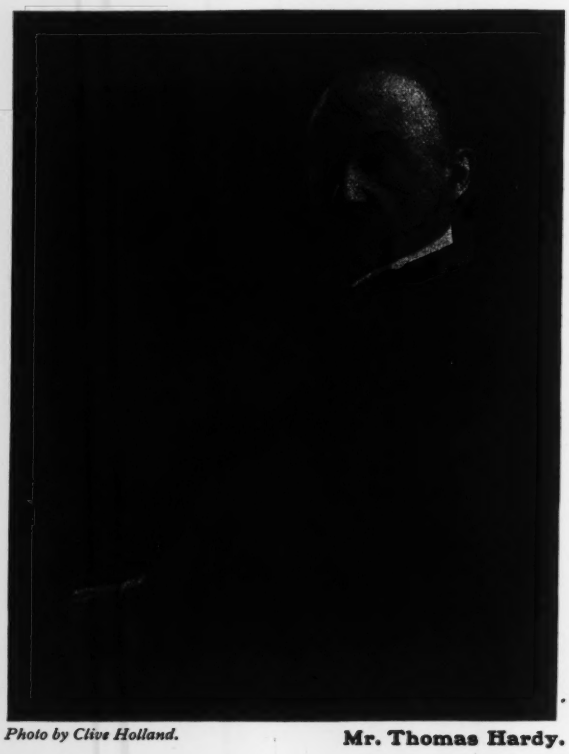


Photo by Clive Holland. **Mr. Thomas Hardy.**

But there is no need to talk of Mr. Hardy's place in English literature; it has long been secure. He did not arrive by any sudden "boom"; his fame, like most long-enduring things, has been a slow and quiet growth. Many of his contemporaries who were far ahead of him in point of popularity have passed away, and we have already left off reading them, or are reading very little of them; but every year sees his genius more widely recognised and adds new lustre to his name.

Mr. Hardy's first book, "Desperate Remedies," was published when he was turned thirty, and certainly gave no promise of his future greatness, but a year later more than the promise of it appeared in "Under the Greenwood Tree." When "Far from the Madding Crowd" was running anonymously in the *Cornhill* in 1874, some of the leading critical journals decided from internal evidence that it was the work of George Eliot; which only goes to show how fallible a practised critic can be, for reading that novel now one finds no trace of the author of "Adam Bede" in it, beyond the fact that it also deals with rural life and character.

It is enough if we do little more at this time than set down some of the names of that splendid procession of masterpieces that followed after "Far from the Madding Crowd"—such as "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet-Major," "The Woodlanders," "A Group of Noble Dames," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Life's Little Ironies," "Jude the Obscure."

Ending his work as a novelist fifteen years ago with "Jude the Obscure," Mr. Hardy started on a new career by publishing his "Wessex Poems" in 1898, and in the year of the late King's accession his "Poems of the Past and the Present." Since then he has begun and completed his stupendous and finely imaginative chronicle-drama, "The Dynasts," and has added "Time's Laughing-stocks" to the collection of his poetical works. A number of these poems were written in his younger days, but the best and most characteristic of them, like the whole chronicle-drama, are the fruit of his later time. With their grim realism, their paganism, their pessimism, their stoical courage, their lack of faith, their unrest and despairs, their cynical humour, their underlying humanity and their occasional wistful, half-articulate hopes, these poems of Mr. Hardy

Photo by Clive Holland. **The House in which Mr. Thomas Hardy was Born.**

It lies at the edge of the Egdon Heath of his novels, at Lower Bockhampton, Dorchester.

do indubitably reflect certain spiritual and intellectual developments, certain moral and social phases of our own generation as vividly and as faithfully as the poems of Tennyson mirrored the thought and the life of his.

We have parted company with many beautiful old ideals and are slowly and painfully fashioning new ones. The power of mid-Victorian sentiment in art did an indispensable service when it made us weep for Poor Jo and Betty Higden; the more practical humanitarianism of the present day passes Acts of Parliament to feed and educate and properly protect the one, and ends the fears of the other with an Old Age Pension. Romance paves the way to realism and realism opens fears avenues to romance. We are no longer contented to sit down and say easily that whatever happens is for the best; we are no longer contented to dream of shattering things into bits and remoulding them nearer to our heart's desire, but have awakened and are doing it. And since the first step in that direction must needs be a frank and fearless facing of the hardest facts instead of dodging them, the studying of our weaknesses instead of hiding or denying them, a knowing of the grey realities of life as well as the romance of it, we feel that for the deeper spirit of humanity, the stronger passion for the truth at all costs that is making its regenerating influence felt in our lives and in our literature, we are in no small measure indebted to the courageous pioneering of the great Victorian novelist who is also the one great poet of the Edwardian era.

Photo by Clive Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy on the Lawn of their home at Max Gate.

Mrs. Hardy is in the foreground in a light skirt, with her profile turned to the camera. Mr. Hardy faces it.

> "The matter of thy praise
> Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
> A bank against it; nothing but the round
> Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
> Monarch in letters!—'mongst the Titles shown
> Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own!"

New Books.

THE NOVEL IN RUSSIA.*

It is a coincidence, not perhaps wholly unworthy of note, that Mr. Maurice B ring's new and stimulating book on "Landmarks in Russian Literature" should have been given to the world almost simultaneously with the news of the death of the first great populariser of the Russian novel. Gogol, it is true, had been known, at any rate by name, since Merimée wrote about him and praised his "Inspector," and Turgenev was known in the French versions as a resident in Paris and the friend of Flaubert. Mrs. Garnett's finished translations came a good deal later. "Crime and Punishment" and "Anna Karénina" were known in the mid-eighties in the Vizetelly editions, and few who read them then can forget the thrill of wonderment which they occasioned. But it was not until Melchior de Vogüé published his "Le Roman Russe" in 1888 that the relative values and collective force of the Russian novel were adequately appreciated. Putting aside the arts of Japan, it may be doubted whether any discovery since Flaubert has more profoundly modified the ideals and stimulated the imagination of the Western World.

Born on the eve of the revolution of 1848, De Vogüé served in the war of 1870 as a volunteer and then, on the appointment of Thiers, as secretary of the French embassies respectively at Cairo, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. He compared the Russian mind to that of a wild sea-bird, which haunted and fascinated him with its mystery, its range and its profound melancholy. His book on the Russian novel created a vivid impression. Few books of literary criticism have ever attained to such a brilliant and far-reaching success. The doctrine of expiation, the religion of human suffering, the theories of passive endurance and of sentimental anarchy as expounded by the great Russian masters were now interpreted as they had never been interpreted before. The book secured for De Vogüé his election as a member of the French Academy, and it led to what came to appear to its author an exaggerated vogue for Russian fiction. He was never a blind worshipper of the new idols, and the twin gods of his own high altar in letters continued to be, not Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, but Cervantes and Shakespeare. Essentially a stylist, a poet in prose, his secret ambition was

* "Landmarks in Russian Literature." By Maurice Baring. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

not to interpret the novels of others, but to produce novels himself; and as a master of the vignette steeped in sentimental colour, Sterne has had few apter pupils than the author of "Jean d'Agrève."

In his two later novels he went farther and with a less faltering step. In "Les Morts qui Parlent" he gave expression to the idea—summed up in a sense by Bismarck, who when asked upon whom he was making war now that Napoleon III. was dead, replied, "Upon Louis XIV."—that among those of us who do not think for ourselves (the vast majority) the dead continue to outvoice the living and utter from our lips the rancours of Laud and Prynne, the appetites of Jack Cade, the bitterness of blanketeers or of Jacobins, the stern wrath of Camisards or of Cameronians. Our general ideas are rooted far back in the past, and most of them represent the passions of our ancestors tranquillised for the most part into ruminations or reflections, but flaming up now and again with something of the fury of the old fire—a grand thesis upon which M. de Vogüé wove an historical and philosophical romance not unworthy to be ranked with "John Inglesant." As in that work, the French author, too, drew somewhat too much upon his capital, and stinted the book of those spontaneous bursts which reveal the careless wealth of genius. At the very least, and going no farther than his title, he enriched the world with a new phrase, and with a rhythm in titles which M. René Bazin has made a passport to supreme success. It would be a good motto for a Universal Biography—or a good answer to the little boy in "The Blue Bird."

His third romance, "Le Maître de la Mer," is generally considered his masterpiece. It is the portrait of one of those strange transatlantic emperors of industry of whom we hear so much and know so little; and in some ways it is made to incarnate the future struggling with the innumerable filaments of the past for the monopoly of the present. But its greatness consists in the success with which, not unlike Tolstoi's "War and Peace" or Stendhal's "Rouge et Noir," it seems to concentrate an ethnos, or to sum up a whole epoch of human existence. We all owe so much to De Vogüé for first focussing the Russian novelist, that it is hoped these stumbling words of appreciation of one of the most sympathetic yet critical and accomplished of modern writers will not be taken amiss. But for his pioneer efforts the list of works with which Mr. Maurice Baring prefaces his seven studies on Russian Drama and Prose Fiction would have been probably a very meagre one.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Baring endeavours to interpret Russian Literature for us through the medium of Russian life. His qualifications in this respect are undoubted; and his expression is gracious and sympathetic, stimulating, and absolutely independent. Mr. Baring's main thesis seems to be, so far as we can interpret it, that the people of Russia have a greater aptitude than the people of Western Europe for an appreciation of the essential teachings of Christianity. The virtues of poverty, of sorrow and suffering are to them no mere service of the lips; they actually believe in them. They bear personal witness to Heine's saying that where a great spirit is, there is Golgotha, and their best spirits genuinely try to fulfil that most familiar, but most difficult precept of Christianity—to love others better than oneself. Goodness to them is almost inseparable from poverty, and they fully realise that the lessons which are to benefit humanity at large must be learnt in suffering. The great stronghold of their kingdom is Christian compassion—and Mr. Baring believes it to be impregnable. It may appear a little singular to find a representative of the house of Baring expounding the parable of Lazarus with so much eloquence; but there can be no doubt of his sincerity, and the conclusion drawn is just what we should expect. The most enthusiastic praise in the book is reserved not for Turgenev, not for Tolstoi, but for Dostoievsky. The writer, perhaps a little unduly, over-emphasises our national unfamiliarity with this last-named master. "Poor Folk," "Buried Alive," "Crime and Punishment" at least are well known in English versions. Practically all of the novels can be obtained in French. A blush mantles my cheek when I admit that a good many years ago now I was asked, and accepted, the invitation, to write an article on Dostoievsky for a well-known encyclopædia. After reading Mr. Baring, I turned with considerable trepidation to the article and was relieved to find it no worse. Thanks no doubt to De Vogüé, I had pitched my estimate what must have seemed at the time unconscionably high. For all future encyclopædists this path is made plain. Mr. Baring has not only revealed to us the martyrdom of the man's story—"in the whole history of the world's literature there is no literary man's life which was so arduous and so hard"—but he has given us a truly memorable summary of each one of his masterpieces from "Poor Folk" to "The Brothers Karamazov." The novel which Mr. Baring deems the most characteristic was wholly unknown to me. The hero is a simple fool, "The Idiot," who transforms every one about him, like Prince Huan, by the sheer magic of kindness and truth. Nothing could be much more attractive than the writer's delineation of this typically Russian hero. Into his character, he tells us, Dostoievsky has put all the sweetness of his nature, all his sympathy with the unfortunate, all his pity for the sick, all his understanding and love of children. Whenever children appear in his pages they "breathe a kind of freshness and fragrance like that of lilies of the valley . . . the smile of children lights up the dark pages of his books, like spring flowers growing at the edge of a dark abyss." This is perfectly true. Dostoievsky has faults of temper and of taste. His prime faculties are pity and forbearance. He knew what wretches feel by experience, and the knowledge of their crooked misery inspired him with just that one priceless thing—profound pity. If the soul of goodness in things evil ever made a man happy, that man was Dostoievsky. We have curious sidelights on his temper and hatred of Turgenev, his catholicity of literary taste, his pride of letters and in the prices (generally humble) that he got for his books. Toil, envy, extreme want, the scaffold, epilepsy and Siberia assailed this man, yet did not succeed in rendering him unhappy!

It would require another article to discuss Mr. Baring's estimates of Tolstoi and Turgenev, not to speak of Gogol and Tchekov (he barely mentions Gorky). He admits to the full the almost titanic power of Tolstoi and his resistless genius. Yet he lets us perceive that he is not wholly unaffected by the quasi-paradoxical position into which the Titan has drifted. There is a glimmering at any rate that he is not unaware of the ineffectuality from the preceptorial point of view of throwing away wealth merely that your nearest relatives may pick it up and bank it for you, of toiling at handicraft or plough without just that spur of necessity which alone makes work salutary, or of preaching non-resistance in the heart of a country which is by common consent virtually impregnable.

These two great writers (Dostoievsky and Tolstoi) shine with a steady light, supplementing each other, sharing between them the undisputed dominion of modern Russian literature. Where then does Turgenev come in? According to Mr. Baring hardly at all, not at any rate in the same heaven with Tolstoi and Dostoievsky. Beside their steady light his illumination is but a twinkle. Mr. Baring assures us that this is not his own individual critical ukase, but is practically the universal decision of Holy Russia, and if it is good enough for the orthodox Russian it ought to be good enough for us. Let us freely admit that we cannot fathom this unexplained desire to weigh Turgenev in the scales against the other two masters. As a literary

artist, after giving due weight to all that Mr. Baring can tell us, we must say that the vividness and charm of Turgenev seem to us, as they have always seemed, unapproachable, and with all due deference we submit that the Russian judgment may be as fallible as that of the Germans in regard to Heine or that of the Americans in regard to Whitman or Poe. The benefits conferred by this Codlin and Short system of exclusiveness upon our own criticism have not been sufficient to make us clamour for its exportation. Our enjoyment of Turgenev can hardly be impaired one whit by the reflection that the Russians themselves regard him as less exclusively national than Gogol or than Dostoievsky.

Unwittingly it seems to me that Mr. Baring is less than fair to Turgenev, and deliberately less than fair to Zola. If Zola, like Dostoievsky, states what is bad, what is worst, what is most revolting in human life, I do not see why the Frenchman should be credited with "filthy" and "bestial" motives, the Russian with no motives that are not noble and humane. The words jar in the case of a man who did a brave act—one of the bravest recorded in history since Luther spoke at Worms. It is more charitable surely in the case of a novelist who is described by one of the first of modern historians as "après Balzac le plus grand de tous," and to whom a friendly nation has decreed the greatest posthumous honour it is in their power to bestow, to assume that he, too, might have been actuated by that finer spirit of humanity to which even the worst among us (as Dostoievsky lived to prove) is not wholly a stranger.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE VINDICATION OF THE PURITAN.*

One of the weaknesses of the human mind is its liability to fixity of idea. This, of course, in some cases may be a cause of strength; it may be, and often is, the very essence of that blind determination which on more than one occasion has carried humanity into new realms of power and consciousness. At the same time it is as well that we should occasionally overhaul our stock of fixed ideas; otherwise, how are we to know whether they have not grown obsolete? Or whether, indeed, they have not always been based on untruth? Such revaluations of ideas are one of the characteristics of our age. Modern intelligence is a chemist throwing tradition, authority, belief, and fancy into the melting-pot, and waiting patiently, like Brer Fox and the Tar Baby, to see "what the news is going to be."

Latest, and not least welcome, among these chemists of ideas, comes Mr. Joseph Crouch, revaluing and testing the time-worn relationship between Puritanism and art. For centuries now it has been the custom to look upon the Puritan as the arch-enemy of all artistic expression; puritanism in the popular mind is the doctrine of kill-joy. Even in our own day, when historic facts are so accessible, this idea has grown and waxed fat; indeed, at the very moment there are numerous writers of eminence who delight in nothing so much as what might be called intellectual Puritan-baiting. Even the Puritans, by their silence, have given countenance to popular opinion and modern dialectic. This is remarkable and regrettable, but all the more remarkable when a capable writer and laborious investigator like Mr. Joseph Crouch comes along with so many indisputable facts to the contrary.

His book is all the more convincing because of what I might call his emphatic moderation. He is the defendant of Puritanism in relation to art, yet he never overstates his case either in attack or defence. Convinced as he is of an historic and age-long libel, he is yet able to see that puritanical ardour has not only run to extremes on occasion, but that in some important respects it has run counter to the line of its originators. But all fair-minded readers of his admirable book must admit that he has completely vindicated Puritanism of the charge of being an enemy of art. Those who in the past have taken the popular, opposite view, must now admit that Puritanism did not condemn all art, but only certain kinds of art. And, further, that in its condemnation of certain art forms during the seventeenth century, it was, by something more than coincidence, though not exactly for the same reasons, condemning the art and destroying the art whose condemnation and destruction were inaugurated by that eminently non-puritanical person, King Henry VIII.

Unlike most Puritans, Mr. Joseph Crouch fully realises and very properly appreciates the social qualities of art during the best period of Mediævalism. But sound as his appreciation is, it is highly improbable that it would have been shared by the early Puritans. He rightly traces the intellectual origins of Puritanism to the intimate and personal interpretation of the Bible. The Puritans were the first people in England to separate the Scriptures from both political and priestly dominance. They made the Bible the intimate concern of the individual; and their hatred of images, beginning in a hatred of a decadent priestcraft, was inspired and invigorated by the theocratic

Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of Ely, visits Mr. John Milton.
From "Puritanism and Art," by Joseph Crouch. (Cassell.)

* "Puritanism and Art." By Joseph Crouch. With an Introduction by Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.P. 12s. 6d. (Cassell.)

thunders of the Hebrew prophets. Puritanism, at its inception, had all the fervour of a new Hebraism; like primitive Christianity, it denounced subservience to mere formal theology, and demanded the closer association of religion and individual impulse. It brought about, as Mr. Crouch makes clear, the possibility of a more intimate and personal relationship between man and God. But in doing so—and this is a point Mr. Crouch does not emphasise as clearly as he might have done—it had the effect of limiting man's relationship with man. The Puritan movement was a phase of the essentially individualistic Reformation, what Mr. Crouch finely calls the "great insurrection of the human will against all forms of Tyranny, whether in Church or State," still, whilst denouncing and destroying that art which separated man from God and the State, it did not put in its place a more social and spiritual art. This, of course, applies mainly to the plastic arts, for although the Puritans denounced the seventeenth-century drama, they had no objection to drama as such. Milton, greatest of Puritan writers, knew how to value Shakespeare and the stage; and no one to-day would defend the theatre which was vetoed by the Puritans. The peculiarly intimate and private qualities of Puritanism were, perhaps, not meant to be made traditional. They were a protest and a weapon against a corrupt age. This is proved by their toleration of the art of letters, and if they have added little to pictorial art and nothing to architecture, their influence on literature has been incalculable.

Mr. Crouch points out that many of the gloomy features attributed to the Puritans were not necessarily puritanical, but in many instances the extreme views of divergent sects. He himself is no advocate of gloom. He recognises that Puritanism has yet to produce a great art. Whether it will ever do so is another question. It is at least clear now that Puritanism and art are not consciously antagonistic. Here and there I have felt that Mr. Crouch might have added value to an already valuable contribution to the history of art, by developing the economic phases of the Reformation. He is alive to the fact that art became decadent as it ceased to be common, but he does not show us clearly enough what were the economic causes of the separation. But, this aside, "Puritanism and Art" is an invaluable book.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

A FRENCH ALCIBIADES.*

It is the literary fashion of the hour to wed biography with history, with the result that the central figure of the work tends to become obscured under a mass of information elucidating the period. In the case of the Duc de Richelieu this is hardly to be avoided. His career as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a courtier was closely bound up with many affairs of state. To give an account of his connection with the conspirators Cellamare and Alberoni, of his doings as Councillor of Parlement, as Ambassador at Vienna, as Lieutenant-General of Languedoc, of the military distinctions he won at Dettingen and at Fontenoy, of his preparations to "help the English" during the rebellion of '45, of his successes in Italy, and his occupation of Halberstadt, is to touch on many things which concerned the country very closely. Mr. Noel Williams has already written many books on the same period, of which he has a thorough knowledge, and he does full justice to these successive events in an attempt to prove his own theory that had Richelieu been impervious to feminine charms, his life would still afford abundant scope for the biographer. As well say that Hamlet deprived of the purpose of his whole life would still be the dramatic figure of the play. Perhaps, but it would be a different play, and if Richelieu were regarded solely as wit, duellist, soldier, and diplomatist, he would be interesting, but he would not be Richelieu. "Ever since he was twelve years of age he has made himself talked of in the world," wrote d'Argenson of the Duke. "His love of voluptuous pleasures has more of ostentation in it than of real delight; he is a prodigal without magnificence or generosity; he is saving, but without prudence; in his domestic affairs he shows both skilful management and disorder. Such is the practical side of a French Alcibiades—they call him thus. . . . He has been much the fashion among women." From his boyhood until his death, at the age of ninety-two, women played an enormous part in the Duke's life, a part that cannot be eliminated, a part that would not have been possible at any other period of French history. In Richelieu the corruption and the licence of his age were typified. Apart perhaps from the King and the Duc d'Orléans, the odium which attaches to the Regency and remaining years of Louis XV.'s reign was chiefly due to the influence of Richelieu. He not only conducted his own love affairs in a masterly fashion, according to the standards then in vogue, but he was considered the right man to consult by many of those who admired his example, and he was always ready to give advice on their affairs, thus having a share of responsibility in many a notorious liaison. His name, says the author, "was inseparable from the advent or the disgrace of all the mistresses of Louis XV.," but he did not scorn interference in the affairs of less important people, for example in the case of Voltaire and Emilie du Châtelet. The Marquise, who was a distant relative and former mistress of Richelieu, wrote to him begging him to put the matter before her husband, the Marquis, in the best possible light, saying, "He has great respect for your intelligence and will readily take your opinion."

Yet the secret of the Duke's charm and his extraordinary power over the fair sex was so elusive that the author finds himself hard put to it to give even a plausible reason for the position he held amongst women. He had, it was said, a fine figure, beautiful hair, an oval face and brilliant eyes. He was brave, daring, possessed of wit, but not too much education, and his manners were no more agreeable than those of a hundred other members of the French aristocracy, but his motto was "Nil mirari," to wonder at nothing, "not in the philosophical sense of the expression dear to the sage, but in the cynical sense." Mr. Williams might have probed further into this cause of success had he analysed more closely the position of society women in the early days of the Regency. The luxury and idleness in which they lived, the pleasure and excitement in which they indulged, caused them to strain after something new and more extravagant than they had ever known. Society was ripe for a Richelieu, and the man was not wanting.

To do the author justice, his book is by no means overburdened with any one aspect of his hero's life, and he has in the main given careful balance to the different sides of the versatile character of an extraordinary man whose name, he believes, "will endure when those of infinitely greater and worthier men are forgotten."

F. H.

* "The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu." By H. Noel Williams. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

THE CRITICISM OF WORDS.*

It is not altogether fair to call Dionysius a verbal critic, since in other of his works beside the "De Compositione Verborum" he talks of subject-matter, its choice and manipulation. But the impression he leaves is that of a man like Leigh Hunt, whose finger runs easily to favourite passages, whose pen is ready to underline, here a perfect

* "Dionysius of Halicarnassus: On Literary Composition." Being the Greek Text of the "De Compositione Verborum." With Translation, etc., by W. Rhys Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

metaphor, there a noble turn of rhythm, and here again a fine example of the approximation of sound and sense. He has a swift feeling for what is good, but swifter for individual beauties than for beauties of construction. In a Gothic church he would be quick to note the carvings that pleased him and the grotesques he held unfitting to the dignity of such a building. He would be less likely to delight in the enthusiastic discord that is pleasant in the whole.

He was a teacher unspoilt by his pupils. The "De Compositione" was written near the end of a life of pedagogy, but, apart from the passages on the Greek language and letters—passages that might have delighted the Poe who thought he founded "The Raven" on the sounds of "e" and "r"—scarcely a page is without quotations so chosen and so set into the texture of the book as to make clear the vivid appreciation of them that was given to Dionysius himself. He shares with Longinus our gratitude for preserving a complete poem of Sappho, an amethyst fly in clearest amber, and to read Homer through Dionysius is like reading Shakespeare through Hazlitt. The poet rises and spreads over the sky, like the genie released from the bottle, and does not shrink again unless from our forgetfulness. Pope wrote:

> "See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
> And call new Beauties forth from ev'ry line,"

and asks a few lines before:

> "But where's the man . . .
> Blest with a *Taste* exact, yet unconfin'd,
> A *Knowledge* both of *Books* and Humankind:
> Gen'rous Converse; a Soul exempt from Pride;
> And *Love to Praise*, with *Reason* on his Side?
> Such once were *Criticks*; such the Happy *Few*,
> *Athens* and *Rome* in better Ages knew."

The character reads like a prophecy of the critics of a later generation—Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Hunt. And indeed Dionysius' book is not unlike an "Imagination and Fancy," with tauter muscles and a stiffer backbone. It is impossible to rise from reading it, or Longinus, who "*Is himself* that great *Sublime* he draws," without renewing our reverence for criticism in its antiquity and its worth to humanity. It is like remembering the age of a religion—almost like reading Genesis.

Professor Roberts's edition is a fit successor to his translation of the "Three Literary Letters," whose general introduction he does not feel himself bound to repeat in this book. The two introductions taken together make a very useful study of Dionysius and his criticism.

There is no need to praise Professor Roberts's translation to those who know his earlier books. It satisfies those who believe that Rossetti's maxim, "The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty," applies also to the translation of prose. Dr. A. S. Way has had a difficult task in rendering into English not only the meaning and spirit of the verses, but also those qualities of good and bad writing for which Dionysius chose them. They suggest an accidental observation on the impossibility of final translation of any kind. Turning over the *Spectator* soon after reading Dionysius, I came in the number for November 15, 1711, on a version of the poem by Sappho that occurs in the "De Compositione." I take a stanza from it:

VI.

> "Tho' now he Shuns thy longing Arms,
> He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
> Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
> He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;
> Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
> And be thy Victim in his turn."

And the same from Dr. Way's translation:

> "Who avoids thee soon shall be thy pursuer:
> Aye, the gift-rejecter the giver shall now be:
> Aye, the loveless now shall become the wooer,
> Scornful shalt thou be."

Of course the *Spectator* does not try to follow the Greek metre. But the difference is deeper than this. The spirit of the age is in both translations. In the one Sappho has patches and powdered hair; in the other those characteristics of our own time that, too close to them, we cannot discriminate. Perhaps, in another two hundred years, a third translator will find Dr. Way's version as foreign as that of Steele's correspondent, and Sappho will take another mask and sing again.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

MRS. SHERWOOD.*

To most of us Mrs. Sherwood has hitherto been an elderly lady whose books (just two of them) have given us a half-fearful pleasure in our youth, and an occasion for smiles or censure in our maturer years. To almost every child "The History of the Fairchild Family" and "Little Henry and His Bearer" appeal at some early period of their lives. The characters of the children in them are so innocently sinful; the naughtinesses and the punishments are so seldom softened, so often grim; they captivate and fascinate the child-imagination; and the prayers and hymns at the end of the chapters are almost invariably "skipped." To those who criticise the book in later life, it is the attitude of the parents which takes the attention; and Mrs. Fairchild, who is for ever impressing upon her children the extreme sinfulness of everybody, and Mr. Fairchild, who is one of the most idle prigs on record, are a couple who win more of ridicule than of admiration. Almost as a matter of course, the Fairchilds became identified with the Sherwoods in the mind of the reader, and the Sherwoods with the Fairchilds; and the husband and wife who lectured their children upon every possible occasion; who, in order to impress upon them the sin of quarrelling, took them to the foot of a gibbet on which dangled the corpse of a man, so horrible that the children could not look upon it for fear and disgust; who encouraged them to criticise their guests in a most vulgar and censorious manner, when the guests had left the house; who were indeed a fine blend of snob and prig—these were not a particularly amiable couple to remain in the mind.

But Mr. Darton by his well-edited volume has corrected all this; the Fairchild children we could love for their most interesting sins and original punishments; but we are glad to have the parents — or rather, the Sherwoods — exonerated after all these years.

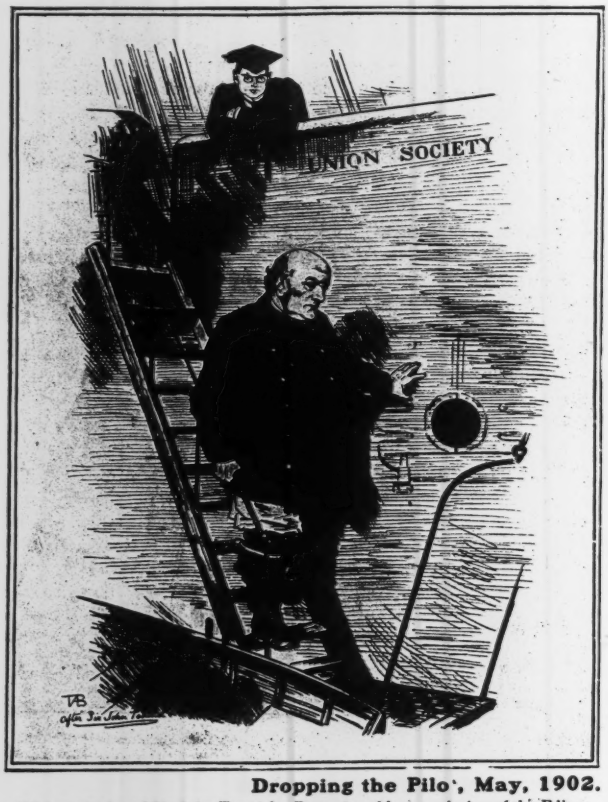
Long and continuous as Mrs. Sherwood's influence in the

From "The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood," edited by F. J. Harvey Darton. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

* "The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood." From the Diaries of Captain and Mrs. Sherwood. Edited by F. J. Harvey Darton. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

nursery has been, we confess we were not prepared for this handsome volume of more than five hundred pages which chronicles her life and times. But there was no need for our surprise. Mrs. Sherwood is worth eager attention; her diary of her times is interesting and valuable. Born in 1775, the daughter of a cultured clergyman, a man of much charm and many friendships, Mary Butt—as she was then—was introduced even as a child to that Lichfield circle which included Johnson, Anna Seward, the Edgeworths, Honora Sneyd and her sister, and many others. Then again, her school-days in Reading brought her into contact with numbers of French refugees, who flocked to that town at the time of the French Revolution. Mrs. Sherwood describes the reception of the news of Louis XVI.'s murder, and the poverty and the mingling of misery and gaiety of the poor exiles. Miss Mary Butt was married in 1799 to her cousin, Henry Sherwood, who had a commission in the Army, and many years of her early married life were spent in India—the India of pre-Mutiny days, the India when missionary work was in its infancy there, and Henry Martyn was a noted figure. Both Mrs. Sherwood and her husband wrote a diary; and although they seemed to enjoy to some extent the social life they found themselves in the midst of, they gave time and thought and strength and enthusiasm to the teaching of the heathen, the care of orphans, and the general religious life of the country. The varied scenes, the many interests, the joy of her married life, the sorrow of bereavement—for at first, one after another of her infant children faded out of life in the Indian heat—these things and many more make this record a charming revelation of a strong character, and a picture of the period, in town and country, at home and abroad.

This is not the book of a book-maker, it is a genuine and delightful piece of editing. Mrs. Sherwood's pen was fluency itself throughout a long life, but we would now give every volume she has written for this long chronicle of a past century. LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.



Dropping the Pilot, May, 1902.
With apologies to Sir John Tenniel. Reproduced by permission of the Editor of *Granta*.
From "Memories of Sixty Years," by Oscar Browning. (John Lane.)

"THE O. B."*

Many generations of Cambridge men know "The O. B." as a historic figure. He was till very lately a member of the committee of nearly every society and a contributor to every publication in the Varsity. He was the author, or reputed author, of that magnificent phrase, "The nicest Emperor I ever met." He was, in short, a great public personage, whose form and physiognomy, habits of mind and amiable weaknesses, constantly engaged the callow pens and pencils of undergraduate journalism. An indefatigable collector of notabilities, indulging in pleasing eccentricities of dress and deportment, his University had ever a warm place for him in its heart. His withdrawal from its public life was a matter for general regret. Oxford, having no O. B., was always consumed with jealousy of her rival's good fortune in possessing so notable a luminary. The present reviewer calls to mind a majestic figure threading with solemn grace the mazes of two sets of Lancers at a King's ball, within the last decade, guarded against the cool breezes sighing in from the "backs" by a dowager's voluminous shawl, revealing fleeting glimpses of the steward's insignia against an immaculate shirt front. Years ago an alarming rumour flew round college rooms. A slow but subtle change was growing noticeable in the shadow thrown by that revered figure athwart the grassy courts. Some brilliant undergraduate whose name, for me, stands in the shade, wrote thereupon:

> "O. B., O be obedient
> To Nature's stern decrees;
> For though you be but one O. B.,
> You may be too obese."

For the O. B.'s book, it is a trifle disappointing. Here are the names of all the great people, but very little about them. The picture of King's as it was before the great change, an ill-managed and not very reputable benevolent institution for the life-long maintenance of Eton scholars, is to be excepted from such a criticism. Here and there one gets a little human touch, as in the passage where Mr. Browning is shown sitting with Tennyson in the poet's study, the floor strewn with empty tobacco tins. Tennyson, apparently, smoked a new long churchwarden with every pipeful. And the author was at school with Swinburne. "He was generally late for school, and I remember Cookesley calling out to him one day: 'Here you are, little Swinburne, late again!' and once saluting his appearance with the exclamation: 'Here comes the rising sun!' alluding to his red hair." And Tennyson's later admiration for his rival grew, we learn, out of a frank distaste. Reading his own "Lucretius" to Mr. Browning, he exclaimed, "'What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!' I spoke of Swinburne's lyrical power, and he said, 'Yes, he can write French lyrics.'" And there is more than one picture of George Eliot, generally playing the hostess on Sunday afternoons at the Priory. "She usually conversed with only one person at a time: you were taken up to her when there was a vacancy, and then you made room for somebody else," which recalls Lord Morley's comparison of the great novelist's conversation to "that of an affable bishop."

A. G.

LIFE AT EASTBOURNE.†

There have been several autobiographies in recent years of men who belong to the "lower class" by birth and fortune. Mr. Meek's is one of the most interesting in every way, and chiefly in the quantity of definite evi-

* "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere." By Oscar Browning. 14s. net. (Lane.)

† "George Meek: Bath-Chair Man." By Himself. With Introduction by H. G. Wells. 6s. (Constable.)

dence which it gives in an intelligible manner. He has led a not unusual life, which he is able to describe without any sign of exaggerating the charms, the squalors, the joys, or the pains of it. Nor is this lack of exaggeration due to lack of character in the man or of force in the writer. There are passages on love, on life on an American farm, on a fortnight in Lewes Gaol, and on drinking, which are admirably composed, and there are scores of phrases here and there which gain a power from their context to thrill or disturb many different natures. And the man is not content merely to put down things as they are. He had been discontented most of his life with good cause, and he says so eloquently, but without rhetoric. He is confident and hopeful in one matter only—in his belief that organised workers can destroy the present system, and bring in the millennium by means of Socialist ethics and economics. He has himself persuaded the chairmen of Eastbourne to form themselves into a union, and has been vigorous and self-sacrificing in work on behalf of several Socialist organisations. But if he expresses many opinions, he never, or hardly ever, spoils the integrity of his confessions.

Mr. Meek was born a little over forty years ago at Eastbourne. He was the fragile son of poor and unfortunate parents, and he is, and has long been, blind in one eye and not perfect in the other. He had some happy periods in his country childhood, but was ill-nourished, and by his mother neglected and even disliked. He went early to work, and has been errand-boy, boot-black, baker, hop-picker, farm-hand in America, groom, sewing machine agent, steward at a Liberal club, dresser and actor at a theatre, and for twenty years a bath-chair man at Eastbourne. As a boy he ran away from home several times, and then, and since then, has tried to get work in London, but without success. He is a thorough Eastbourne man, and describes that town as

"The paradise of the idle and sometimes vicious rich, the rest-place of jaded well-paid workers; but it is a hell to the poor who try to live in it by casual labour."

He has suffered year after year in its meaner streets from "the general cussedness of things," nearly always in debt, often in bad health, never with a full day's work except at navvying, for which he is not strong enough. He has always been, and latterly he and his wife and children, "on the edge of the abyss, never quite sinking into it." "Blessed," he exclaims, "are the dead! They are no longer hungry, nor have they rent to pay." For a time he was religious, to please a girl whom he loved, but most of his life he has been a plain atheist, not in the least troubled about his soul. He has been a reader of Omar, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Hugo, Bellamy, William Morris, the *Clarion*, and Zola—"I esteem Zola," he says, "the greatest writer of modern times"; and he has often written verses and stories and songs with no success or profit. He has never known a full measure of security, decency, cleanliness, and health together. He once tried to save as a boy, but when he went one day to his money-box he found it empty, when it should have held five shillings. He has often been troubled by hunger, by vermin, by creditors, by social tyranny, by drink and lack of drink, and poverty has been turned into squalor by his irregular nature. In contrast, and too often in combination, with this dull squalor is his love of life. "By nature," he tells us, "I am happy and fond of enjoyment. I sing and tell stories, love music, humour, and good books. *Mein Gott!* but if I had only a fair chance of living a decent life, how I should live!" And again:

"I long for a quiet home in the country, with birds and trees and flowers: I have to live in the dusty town. I long to work quietly: I have to struggle on in an environment of din and squalor and vice. I desire plenty of work, so that I can pay my way, and we can provide ourselves with the necessaries of life: I have to waste more than half my days in idleness. . . ."

For a long time he did not like drink, but the spirit's need overcame the palate's distaste, as it so often does. He has always idealised women, but he does not hide the ill that he knows of them or the extent of his acquaintance with them. In fact, the descriptions of his love and his loves are enough to recommend and even endear the book to many students and all human beings. It is a book that would have moved the author of "Amaryllis at the Fair."

Probably it will be objected that the book is a mean account of a mean life. If it were that only, it would be an exceptionally valuable record. But it is more; it has a consistency and intensity of style and feeling which give great vitality to several little groups of words relating to moments of pleasure or pain, and give a value to many things in it far greater than they would have in a newspaper, where they might be paralleled. To that extent it is a work of art, with life-blood running through a great many, though not all, of its pages. It was Mr. Wells who advised him to write it, and he tells us in his vivacious introduction that the book places Mr. Meek high among the writers of the day. If a man's body is worth ten pounds when it is dead, this book ought to be worth considerably more.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE DEVOURERS.*

Mrs. Chartres' preface is so pertinent that it is worth reprinting:

"There was a man, and he had a canary. He said: 'What a dear little canary! I wish it were an eagle.' God said to him: 'If you give your heart to it to feed on, it will become an eagle.' So the man gave his heart to it to feed on. And it became an eagle, and plucked his eyes out.

"There was a woman, and she had a kitten. She said: 'What a dear little kitten! I wish it were a tiger.' God said to her: 'If you give your life's blood to it to drink, it will become a tiger.' So the woman gave her life's blood to it to drink. And it became a tiger, and tore her to pieces.

* "The Devourers." By A. Vivanti Chartres. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Photo by Guigoni & Bossi, Milan. **Mrs. Chartres.**
Author of "The Devourers."

"There was a man and a woman, and they had a child. They said: 'What a dear little child! We wish it were a genius.' . . ."

Here is the key to the novel which follows. The Devourers are child-geniuses, of whom Mrs. Chartres gives us two. Nancy comes first. The child of an English father and an Italian mother, she begins to "devour" almost as soon as she can toddle. Her father is a consumptive; he can live only at Davos; but Nancy cannot live there too, for she may inhale the germs of consumption. So Valeria, her mother, will take her to Italy, and at the last moment her father says he will see them a little way on the journey, just as far as Zürich. "But Tom never reached Zürich. What reached Zürich was stern and awful. . . ." The baby has begun to Devour. Then, later, Valeria takes her child to her husband's people in Wareside, and here comes Nino—the man with "the nose of putty, but the heart of gold." Valeria is the woman for him, his father says; and Nino is inclined to agree. But the Devourer will have none of it. She needs special attention; her mother must put love aside for the present. Perhaps later? But, in Nino's case, later means Nunziata, the actress. Then the child wanders from the house and is lost. The old grandfather goes in search of her. He is a feeble old man and he wanders far. He, too, loses himself, and then comes the grim humour of his meeting with a scarecrow. ("When you go home, sir, I shall go with you.") In the morning he is found dead.

It is hardly fair upon the author to give more than a rough outline of what succeeds these first fifty pages. On reaching girlhood, Nancy publishes a volume of poems which brings her into prominence, and sets the stamp upon her genius. She becomes fascinated by Aldo, a Neapolitan, a combination of *lazzarone* and *bourgeois*, and an unmitigated scamp, and she marries him. She starts a novel which gives every promise of being great, but it is only half-written when the second Devourer, Nancy's daughter, Anne-Marie, arrives. This puts a stop to the book for the time being, as the mother thinks—in reality, for ever. Descriptions follow of life at Monte Carlo and the seamy side of New York; then comes the discovery that Anne-Marie is a violinist, and a brilliant passage describes her triumph. The falling-out of Nancy—now a nonentity—after she has played her part of sacrifice, and the marriage of Anne-Marie and the birth of a child to her are rather hurried over.

The originality of Mrs. Chartres' theme will at once be apparent, and its treatment is in every way worthy of the conception. The stage is a large one, but of the many characters which cross it, hardly one can be said to be a puppet. Mrs. Chartres is well known in Italy as a poet, and she has also had successful plays produced in New York. She is the mother of Vivien Chartres, the child violinist, and it is permissible to think that portions of the book are drawn from the author's own experience. "The Devourers" is her first English novel; it is a sad book, but readers will hardly find it depressing, for it is lightened by a charming humour and a catholic knowledge of the ways of the world; and to our mind it is one of the most remarkable discoveries which Mr. Heinemann has made since the publication of "Joseph Vance."

PERFECTLY HONEY.*

"'Gentler, easier and fairer than any business I had before!' I said to myself. 'Oh, I don't hate the business matter now! I see it does not always taste like castor oil. This is perfectly honey!'" . . . And as Yoshio Markino had these sentiments when it was settled that he should assist in the production of "The Darling of the Gods," so can I find no words more fitted to describe my sentiments on starting to review his latest books. To say that I have read them is to put it mildly. They are one continuous enchantment. From the time of his theatrical experience when "my brain was twice busier than Mr. Tree was imagining," from the Samurai dinners of that period to those black days when for his lunch at San Francisco in the art school he was forced to eat the bread which was provided for the purposes of charcoal drawing ("Thank Heaven that the curator did not find out!"), we march beside a merry, philosophic pilgrim. And amongst his many friends, distinguished and obscure ("My landlord . . . is quite a darling"), we encounter his compatriot Yone Noguchi, whose recent book of poems—"The Pilgrimage"—is the first one to be published both in Tokyo and London. "I made a design for the book-cover—many Japanese boats loaded with parchment sailing forward, and each sail had Yone's family crest. My original design was dark indigo on bluish-grey ground. Yone liked it very much. But to our great disappointment the publishers printed it vermilion on cream ground—to make it more 'effective.' I said, 'Effective? Indeed, it is effective enough to make us sick! Commercial elaboration means our Hell!'" The other day while dining at a restaurant with certain friends the voice of Yoshio was raised on high to ask a charming and unmarried woman whether she had many grandsons. "I mean," he said, "what books of yours have gone into edition number two?" The reader of this notice will perceive that if I want to be "effective" I must quote. And how superfluous, for Yoshio's autobiography is one that you will revel in. The charm of it does not depend upon the style and grammar—though we may congratulate Miss Olave Potter on the skill with which she has retained these qualities, for it has been her task to be Markino's editor, and she has tempered, most successfully, the wind. "I hated him to talk of Turner like that," says our artist,

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Yoshio Markino.**

* "A Japanese Artist in London." Written and Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Oxford from Within." By Hugh de Sélincourt. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"From the Eastern Sea." By Yone Noguchi. 4s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Photo by Mitsukoshi & Co., Japan. **Yone Noguchi.**

"and whenever he began to talk of Turner I used to turn the topic of our conversation into Russo-Japanese war with Oku." Subsequently this enthusiastic friend, a Japanese called Hara, made Markino promise to have lunch with him, and on the same day look at Turners in the Tate. "I was well cornered, I could not refuse it. I asked him whether he wanted me to go to the Turners room before or after the luncheon. He said he did not mind either way. I said, 'If I see Turner before the luncheon I shall lose my appetite, and if I go there after the luncheon it would be seriously dangerous.' . . . However, we went to the Tate after the luncheon next day. Hara led me into the Turners room. I cannot express my feelings I had at that moment. Neither my Japanese nor my English (very sadly both are quite broken!) shall be able to express it. . . . Thanks heartily to my dear friend Hara." And it is incumbent on us to present our thanks to Miss Potter; she has not destroyed the delicate effects of Yoshio Markino's English, but in places where it would have swept upon us like a fog she dexterously turns it into mist, a lovely mist—"All the Turners," says Markino, "looked to me quite different." You must not think that this book is to be regarded as a quaint, exotic thing. No, on the contrary. Some people, many people have informed Markino that his art will suffer if he lets it grow less Japanese. "To these peoples I sincerely ask, What is the definition of the word 'Art'? Perhaps they may say, 'Art is something different from ordinary things.' They might be pleased if I painted English women with one eye or three eyes, or if I painted London Bridge on the top of St. Paul's. They would say: 'Ah, this is charming Japanese Art because it is so uncommon!' . . . At present I am in mad love of London seen quite naturally. . . . This is quite understood by my publishers."

And with Oxford he is also in love, although it was a poor place for his rheumatism. Turner would have liked the frontispiece of "Oxford from Within," and all the other pictures, coloured ones and sepia, leave me personally only one regret—that Yoshio Markino has not also been to Cambridge. Trinity's old Gateway is expecting him. He says that every stone at Oxford has the rheumatism. "They caught the drops of the mist and transmuted them," says Mr. de Sélincourt, "into every kind of precious stone." His pages are more fanciful and better written far than scores of books on Oxford. Playfulness and mournful retrospect and joyous anecdote, and here a Meredithian turn, and here a passage of arresting beauty—it is well done, and the *genre* was not easy. . . . And for Yone Noguchi to become an English poet was so difficult that he achieves a strangeness in the lyric vein which we do well to cherish. Most opportunely has his volume, "From the Eastern Sea," been now reprinted. In Japan, we learn, it has had five editions, and the pale blue copies of it that have come to England will be sure of welcome; even as the book for which that cover was designed by Yoshio Markino had a welcome from George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, Dr. Garnett, W. M. Rossetti, Mrs. Meynell, and, I trust, the reader of these lines. And now I have but room to quote one stanza of a poem:

> "'Twas noon;
> Her slightly trembling lips of passion
> I saw, I felt, but where she smiled
> Were only yellow flakes of sunlight."

In other days the two small daughters of Markino's landlady were always on the Mazehill platform, waiting for their friend, and sometimes it was three hours that they waited. If I say all that I feel about Noguchi's book I certainly shall have Markino waiting somewhere, and the most calm, the official salutation he accords to me involves a bout of wrestling.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

Isn't there an old proverb to the effect that one man may steal your purse with impunity whilst another cannot so much as look towards your pocket without losing his character? Yesterday the very superior critics settled it for us that the problem novel, the novel with a purpose, was necessarily inartistic; yet to-day those same critics are giving their highest praises to problem plays and plays with a purpose, and assuring us that the men who write them are the true artists among modern dramatists. So far as construction is concerned, the art of the play and the art of the novel are of course very different things; but if propagandism and preaching are inartistic in the one, they must be equally inartistic in the other. Fortunately there is no reason why we should greatly worry over this point, and we have no intention of doing so; our own belief being that any problem that enters into the actual lives of men and women is legitimate matter for the art of the stage and the book, and that, other things being equal, the drama or the tale that teaches something and has a purpose behind it is superior to the book or the drama that does not and has not.

Down to a few years ago, too, it was a commonly accepted axiom that, apart from the work of a few great dramatists, a good acting play never made good reading. But this dogma, like that other, would seem to have had its day; many modern plays published of late have sufficiently belied it, and here are six more,* five of which have been acted with undeniable success, and all of which make such excellent reading that one wonders whether the published play will not soon be proving itself a formidable rival of the novel. "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" were first produced at the Haymarket and at Wyndham's Theatre some seven years ago; each of them, the latter especially, has a capital story to tell and tells it

* "Cousin Kate." By H. H. Davies. 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." By H. H. Davies. 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Tragedy of Pompey the Great." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Don." By Rudolf Besier. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Earth." By J. B. Fagan. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"What the Public Wants." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

lightly, briskly, and with consummate skill. The dialogue is delightfully crisp, and sparkles without any undue straining to be epigrammatic. The characters are naturally and sympathetically drawn; the situations are cunningly developed, and the whole thing conceived and written in the most enjoyable mood of gay and graceful comedy.

"The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" has not yet arrived before the footlights, but so fine an acting drama is not likely to remain long unstaged. Mr. Masefield has chosen for his period the days when Pompey, as head of the patrician party in Rome, strove with Julius Cæsar, the popular leader, for supreme power in the state. Their jealousies led to the Civil War in which, after many battles, Pompey was traitorously done to death. Pompey as Mr. Masefield presents him is an impressive, a noble, and very masterly creation. Mr. Masefield's style—his liberal use of the full stop, his method of making his characters speak in jerks and broken sentences—is at first rather irritating, but once you are used to these tricks you realise their effectiveness and that they do approximate to our actual manner of speaking; they represent spoken as distinguished from written prose; moreover, they often serve to give natural emphasis to a thought, or to heighten a poetical image by an unexpected turn. It is a short chronicle-drama, this, something of the type that Mr. Hardy originated with "The Dynasts"; it takes a splendid historic figure and unfolds the narrative of his closing days, and shows him, in action and in language, great in the hour of his last victory, and as great in the shadow of failure. It is a strong and strikingly imaginative piece of work. Any one could have taken Pompey and his story and put them into a play, but Mr. Masefield has made the dry bones live and the old tale new, so that the glory and the pity of it all come home to you across two thousand years as vividly and as movingly as if they had been things of yesterday. Curious, by the way, how again and again in the utterances of his characters he seems to be touching obliquely on the political developments of our own time.

Of the three other plays, "Don" is sheer romance masquerading as reality. Canon Bonington and his wife are admirably drawn, as real a man and woman as ever walked the stage or, for the matter of that, the world that the stage presents. General Sinclair is a first-rate comedy General; and Mrs. Sinclair and Ann are adequate. But it is difficult to believe in Mrs. Thompsett, harder to believe in her rampantly religious husband, and quite impossible to believe in Stephen Bonington. Stephen is as virtuous as Joseph Andrews, but idealistic, chivalrous, ingenuous, sublimely innocent beyond anything that Joseph ever attained unto. He is engaged to Ann, and in love with her; Mrs. Thompsett was in love with him before her marriage, and loves him still, but his only feeling towards her is of high and god-like pity, and when she writes and tells him she is unspeakably wretched with her husband, he goes and imperiously fetches her away from him and brings her to his father's house whilst Ann and her parents are staying there, and cannot understand how any one can see anything wrong or even extraordinary in his conduct. He treats Mrs. Thompsett as if she were a doll; his whole behaviour to her is frankly absurd; and the suddenness with which her husband cools and is tamed and succumbs entirely to Stephen's influence would be wildly ridiculous if the last scene were not handled with such amazing cleverness. In spite of its inherent improbability, however, "Don" is so well constructed, so interestingly developed, and with such an alert dramatic sense, that you read it with keen pleasure and do not wonder at its popularity with the playgoing public.

Both "The Earth" and "What the Public Wants" are concerned with the iniquities, the unscrupulous methods, and degenerating influences of present-day popular journalism. If Mr. Fagan gives you the stronger and fuller story, Mr. Arnold Bennett gives you the more uncompromisingly true one, and there is little or nothing to choose between the characterisation and the satirical humour and irony of this and of that. Sir Felix Janion in "The Earth" and Sir Charles Worgan in "What the Public Wants" are both of them great newspaper proprietors grown rich and powerful by feeding the public with sensational news and fiction, and now using their power ruthlessly and unrighteously to further any cause it may seem worth their while to adopt. Sir Felix has made up his mind that a certain Wages Bill shall not pass through Parliament, and when all his opposition looks like proving futile, he sets detectives to dog Trevena, the Labour Member who is introducing the Bill, finds out a secret in his private life, and threatens plainly to expose him unless the Bill is withdrawn. Trevena refuses to yield, and would continue to refuse, but to save the name of Lady Killone from being smirched he, at length, surrenders, and then, at the eleventh hour, Lady Killone dares all and by her rash woman's wit turns the tables on the newspaper proprietor and rescues the man she loves from political extinction. "What the Public Wants" is in a more sombre, a more scathingly sarcastic vein. The little heart and smaller soul of Sir Charles Worgan are laid bare with a merciless hand. He is shown at work among his staff; and he is shown visiting his old mother and his brothers in the provincial town of his birth—a brilliantly able scene this latter is, in which the differing characters of the brothers, the mother, and some homely, old-time friends are sharply brought out and contrasted. In the end, Sir Charles has to choose between abandoning certain of his shoddy plans and losing the woman he believes he loves and wishes to marry, and he lets the woman go. He is so hopelessly vulgar in grain that he cannot recognise his own vulgarity even when it is pointed out to him.

The publication of these plays is a welcome sign of the times: they are six more proofs that the theatre in this country has a future as well as a past, since it has inspired a new generation of such writers to build up a new drama that is no echo of yesterday but is alive with the very spirit of to-day and is at once virile enough to hold its own on the stage and has literary qualities that can give it a second and longer lease of life after the curtain has rung down on the performance.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN FRANCE.*

Prolonged residence abroad has its disadvantages for an English writer. The outlook of such a self-constituted exile may well be widened, but even the most careful discipline will not prevent the genius of the foreign language, spoken all round him or her, from affecting such a person's style. Allow English children of either sex to remain continually at a French school, without the correcting influence of holidays spent in the mother land, and letters sent home are sure to betray a weakening of vocabulary, a tendency to substitute French for English modes of speech. Miss Betham-Edwards describes herself as "officier de l'instruction publique de France," which would imply that she has spent many years among our cross-Channel neighbours in an educational capacity; on the other hand she addresses the preface of her nineteenth-century studies of "French Men, Women, and Books" from Hastings, and such an address proves at any rate that she has not abandoned the country of her birth. And yet, however she may have tried to keep in touch with England and the English tongue, however often she may have lectured on English literature in what seems to have been for some years the land of her adoption, there are signs in these essays of hers which "give her away" and reveal now

* "French Men, Women, and Books: Nineteenth-Century Studies." By Miss Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

and then a forgetfulness of English idiom. She has a trick of placing the substantive rather too late in a sentence. She talks of "no lesser personage" when she means "no less a personage," she speaks of a man "throwing heart and soul" instead of "throwing himself heart and soul," and she uses such an epithet as "tardigrade" for "tardy." Nor does this list exhaust the occasional peculiarities of her diction.

But if Miss Betham-Edwards shows herself out of touch sometimes with English terms of speech, she does know her France and her French literature. Writing at a time of transition, in which a phase of something like Puritanism is passing over French life and French writers, it is perhaps not surprising that she is rather less than just to such leaders of the realistic school of fiction as Maupassant and Zola and that she talks even of Balzac as if he were an unmitigated and pitiless pessimist (the epithets are hers), and describes him as dealing in the "misnamed" *Comédie Humaine* with "all that is most revolting and sordid in humanity." As a literary critic, indeed, this Englishwoman in France reveals herself as too sentimentally reactionary, too much inclined to run away from the darker aspects of sex-passion, nay the seamier side of life generally. Still, her paper on Balzac's love-affair with Madame Hanska is by far the best thing in her book, and its biographical section and its treatment of the psychology of this strange couple's romance are marked at once by sympathy and by humour. The essayist's other subjects deal with Barbey d'Aurévilly and his publisher Trebutien; Mary Clarke, the successor of Madame Récamier, and her two French lovers, Cousin and Fauriel; the "God-intoxicated" French theist, Jean Reynaud; two such characteristic representatives of the "new fiction" as MM. Boylesve and Henry Bordeaux; the Brothers Margueritte and their "epic" of the Franco-German War; Demolins, the Anglophile and educational reformer; M. Reinach, historian of the Dreyfus Tragedy; and certain French authors who have studied England during and subsequently to the Boer War. "We must remember," says Miss Betham-Edwards, writing, perhaps before the "Entente" had reached its present cordial stage, "that there is one European nation, and one only, for which our neighbours entertain, not perhaps liking, but admiration, and that nation is England." Perhaps she would commit herself a little further to-day. With pardonable vanity the essayist adds by way of postscript to her volume a paper issued in French in *La Revue pour les Francais*, but piquant as this is in its summary of Anglo-French misunderstandings, perhaps English readers will most enjoy the series of translations of French domestic and lyrical poetry which make so charming an appendix to her opening essay.

F. G. BETTANY.

Balzac.

From a painting by Boulanger, 1837.

From "French Men, Women, and Books," by M. Betham-Edwards. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE WRITER OF "VATHEK."*

Do people read "Vathek" to-day, or speculate upon the mysteries of Fonthill and the strange character of the virtuoso who built it? His most devout modern eulogist is a Frenchman, Mallarmé, and Mr. Whibley has written some admirable pages upon him, while one of the shrewdest and sanest of recent critics, Mr. Richard Garnett, declared that "Vathek" combined two things most difficult of alliance—the fantastic and the sublime. Mr. Lewis Melville has certainly produced the best "documented" work upon his hero, and he has had the good fortune to obtain a large number of unpublished letters which in some respects change previous judgments and undoubtedly enlarge our knowledge of a most interesting man.

Beckford was born in 1760, son of the patriot Lord Mayor who dared to answer George III. to his face, winning thereby the honour of Chatham's favour. He was an only son, and on reaching his majority came into a gigantic fortune—a million in money and a hundred thousand a year, with no obligations and no ties. Chatham himself had been his godfather, had taken an august interest in his education, and had made him the playmate of his own son and a guest at Burton Pynsent. Beckford's own judgment on the great father and son is interesting: "William Pitt had great abilities, but he wanted the grand soul of his father." Beckford was elaborately educated, but not sent to school or university; a certain Dr. Lettice, a typical comfortable Anglican clergyman of the eighteenth century, who loved great men and lavished gratitude upon them for their favours, was his bear-leader, but Mozart himself taught him music. The letters he wrote from Geneva when only seventeen are curiously interesting. One is tempted to say that they anticipate the Romantic movement. They remind one of later men, and are the kind of letters a clever boy might have written thirty years later under the influence of Byron and Shelley, and are not unlike the wild Oriental imaginings and reveries of Disraeli's earlier heroes. He passes five hours on a mountain-top, "steeped in those sensations which arise from the contemplation of the great objects of Nature," and mourns when he has descended to the life of towns.

> "To pay and to receive fulsome Compliments from the learned, to talk with modesty and precision, to sport an opinion gracefully, to adore Buffon and d'Alembert, to delight in Mathematics, logick, Geometry and the rule of Right, *the mal morale* and *the mal physique*, to despise poetry and venerable Antiquity, murder Taste, abhor imagination, detest all the charms of Eloquence unless capable of mathematical Demonstration, and more than all to be vigorously incredulous, is to gain the reputation of good sound Sense. Such an Animal I am sometimes doomed to be."

But the mountain is his "chief comfort," and when he returns home to England he registers a vow that he will not

* "The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill (Author of 'Vathek')". By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

"suffer the encroachments of Fashion and crouch beneath the influences of solemn Idleness and approved Dissipation." He revels in the fantastic visions of his fancy when Reason has abandoned it. "Am I not the strangest of Beings?" he asks a friend. Fortunately, he had wit as well as imagination, and his first work was an amusing skit called "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," which he wrote and gave to his unsuspicious old housekeeper, who blandly recited the particulars to the visitors who came to see the Fonthill pictures.

"The book was soon on the tongues of all the domestics. Many were the quotations current upon the merits of Og of Basan and Watersouchy of Amsterdam. Before a picture of Rubens or Murillo there was often a charming dissertation upon the pencil of Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, or that great artist Blunderbussiana of Venice. I used to listen unobserved until I was ready to kill myself with laughing, at the authorities quoted to the squires and farmers of Wiltshire, who took all for gospel."

On the composition of "Vathek" Mr. Lewis Melville throws fresh light. One of the chief marvels about Beckford has always been that he wrote the book at a sitting. Cyrus Redding stated that Beckford said to him, "I wrote it at one sitting. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took off my clothes the whole time." This story was believed till the discovery of Beckford's correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Henley, and it still appears as a statement of fact in Garnett's article on Beckford in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The correspondence shows that the composition of the work spread over two years, and probably Beckford's statement to Redding, made half a century after he wrote the book, referred only to one of the "Episodes." Beckford curiously enough wrote the book in French, and employed Henley to translate it into English Without his sanction Henley published the English version in 1786, and Beckford was forced to publish the tale in French at Paris and Lausanne. Mr. Melville publishes for the first time a letter from Henley to Beckford's solicitor in defence of his action, of which the main plea is: "As I had been employed upon it . . . and was known to be so by some of my friends, I could not decline [its publication] without favouring a charge that I was unwilling to countenance." Probably this means that the charges of immorality against Beckford, which are quite unsubstantiated by evidence, included insinuations that "Vathek" was an indecent book of which Henley dared not publish an English version. We may note, in passing, that some of Beckford's letters here published show that his temperament, excessive in all things, was extreme in affairs of friendship and love.

Beckford knew France well and was in Paris during the early Revolution. In 1797 he made an attempt to negotiate peace between France and England through a certain Nicholas Williams, who was in Paris, and declared that peace might be made if Beckford provided £6,000 as a bribe to the Republican ministers. The papers went before Government in England, but a cold note from Pitt put an end to the matter. Politics were not Beckford's *métier*; he did not even succeed in obtaining the peerage he desired. The building and furnishing of Fonthill—that amazing "Abbey" which frowned down and crushed the Strawberry Hill Gothic of Beckford's *bête-noire*, Horace Walpole—the gathering of a stupendous collection, filled up his middle life and led on to an old age of ripe connoisseurship and vigorous combat with rivals and dealers. At eighty he wrote to his buyer: "You will find me all agog, all ardour, all intrepidity." This was when Horace Walpole's collection was being sold. The natural affinity with Disraeli made Beckford one of the young writer's first admirers: "What appears to be hauteur and extreme conceit in Disraeli is *consciousness*, uncontrollable consciousness of superior powers, and most proud I am to perceive he is so strongly imbued with 'Vathek.'" In religion as in all things, Beckford was connoisseur and dilettante. He was greatly amused when it was rumoured that he had left Protestantism for Rome. "How can a man who was never at Wapping be said to have gone from Wapping to Rome?" Outside the main ways of English literature as he was outside the main ways of English life, he is one of the most interesting of the strange and romantic figures who haunt the by-paths, a man undoubtedly of imagination, temperament, and wit. Mr. Melville's book is excellently done, and is admirably illustrated. It should find many readers itself and send many to "Vathek."

WALFORD D. GREEN.

William Beckford.

From a portrait by George Romney.
From "The Life and Letters of William Beckford," by Lewis Melville. (Heinemann.)

Novel Notes.

CANADIAN BORN. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mrs. Ward's latest novel is less ambitious than most of its predecessors, but it is none the worse on that account. Perhaps it will recall to the ranks of her readers some who have grown rather wearied of tales about social problems and British politics which are written with an extremely conscientious motive. A visit to Canada has evidently inspired her with some enthusiasm for the scenery and the future of the Dominion, and this book attempts to convey the interest of the authoress to her readers. Britain's representative cuts a poor figure beside Anderson, the alert young Canadian. Mr. Arthur Delaine had even less chance with Lady Merton than Langham had with Rose. But, although the one suitor is hopelessly handicapped, the vigour of the story is kept up wonderfully well until the close. The accounts of Canadian scenery are vivid without being over-elaborated, and Mrs. Ward has contrived to sketch in one or two minor characters who lend variety to the tale, particularly Mariette, the Roman Catholic politician. In the anonymous Kiplingesque lines which she reprints at the beginning of the book, the poet exclaims:

> "For it rarely stirs the blood
> To see the cities in the bud,
> And to feel a nation growing
> From that sticky prairie mud."

Mrs. Ward has managed, without overloading her story, to flash the glimpses of a rising people upon the mind of her readers; perhaps that is one reason why "Canadian Born" is certain to make a broad, popular appeal; it is more objective and human than one has been accustomed to expect from the authoress.

MY LADY OF AROS. By John Brandane. 6s. (Pitman.)

The world's great real romances are still the themes of those who write and those who paint, and the most moving stories of modern times have, for the most part, been those which deal not with our own day but with the more picturesque times of the Georges, the Stuarts, or the Tudors. "My Lady of Aros" is a tale of the days that followed the rising in the Highlands in favour of the Pretender. Fourteen years after the fighting is over, the hero finds himself stranded on the island of Aros, otherwise the isle of Mull, and being mistaken for a Hanoverian spy is involved in exciting and perilous experiences. The earlier chapters drag a little, but presently the author finds his feet and his story moves with a vigour and gusto that are delightfully refreshing, and a stirring and deeply interesting story it is. Such passages as that in which the lover tells Morag that he has slain her brother are written with real poignancy and power and help to make Mr. Brandane's first book a very excellent romance.

TRUE GOLD. By Irene Strickland Taylor. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Marshall Bros.)

This is a tale of the days of the Civil War. It deals with some very stirring adventures in the career of one Oliver Falkland, himself a young soldier in the army of the great Oliver. There is also a charming love story interwoven with the many thrilling episodes of war and peril. Mistress Frances Trevanion, a beautiful, wilful Royalist maid who is championed by her Roundhead lover, in her turn is able to rescue the gallant captain when he falls captive to the Cavalier. It is fortunate that incidents intervene which cause the lady to transfer her allegiance from the latter before she becomes the bride of Falkland, promoted at the end of the war to be a colonel in Cromwell's army. Miss Strickland Taylor, who is only sixteen years old, knows her period remarkably well and deserves much success with her first story. It would make an excellent prize or gift book for young people.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. F. J. Cox.**

THE MARRIAGE RING. By F. J. Cox. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In his previous novels Mr. Cox showed that he possessed the art of making a fine story out of the humdrum incidents of modern daily life, without the aid of sensational adventure or morbid passion. In "The Marriage Ring" he has gone farther afield in tackling a great problem, tackling it, that is, not by direct argument—for Mr. Cox does not directly state whether the old view of the sacramental character of marriage or the new one of marriage as a civil contract most appeals to him. He, however, makes out a very strong case on one side—which side it is we will leave the reader to discover. The problem is already difficult, but it is certain that it will become much more so, for the trend of things is to give woman a place as a principal in life and not merely the subordinate position she has hitherto held. She will now demand the agreement of the partner instead of the indentures of the apprentice. This must mean the development of her own individuality and the consequent desire to express it in action. To those who have not realised how difficult the problem is and how urgent the necessity for its solution, we strongly recommend Mr. Cox's book. Quite apart from its problem interest, the story is admirably told; it is tragic not only in the actual incidents, but still more in the tragedy that so often arises out of temperament and character. Because, though we may alter or influence conduct, it is impossible to alter character. It will still colour all, and the more so perhaps in the case of a simple personality unconscious of self, such as Blanche Awdry in Mr. Cox's book, than in such as the complex and self-conscious Frank Awdry and Margaret. The two latter are so dominated by original instinct that they are unable to recognise the same fixity of original temperament in others. Mr. Cox paints in the quiet tones of Thomas Hardy, and with an admirable descriptive power that is peculiarly his own: for lovely vignettes of English scenery we know of no writer of to-day who surpasses him, and he adds to this the rare gift of being able to tell an arresting tale so naturally, with such convincing realism that it grips and holds a reader's interest by sheer force of its truth to human nature Even if you have to buy it, "The Marriage Ring" is certainly a novel you must read.

XUM

TOWER OF IVORY. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)

In spite of the undeniable cleverness of Mrs. Atherton's new novel, its keen observation and witty dialogue, the story is unconvincing, and in parts repellent. The author is so obviously out of sympathy with her characters that it is not surprising that the reader, too, finds himself assuming an antipathetic attitude. John Ordham, the young English aristocrat (singularly untrue to type, we hope and believe!), whose passion for a famous prima-donna is the main theme of the story, is an egoist of a particularly irritating kind. He is incapable of self-sacrifice, and although, at his young wife's instigation, he allows himself to drift into a life utterly at variance with the career he had planned for himself, he does so apparently less to please her than from sheer inertia. "Altogether, he thought, as he strolled through the great rooms of his castle to-night, he felt that life was quite enchanting, and only hoped that he would not grow fat." For the greater part of the story the scene is laid in Munich in the time of the mad King Ludwig, and it is here that "the Styr" has become a famous singer. Her "past," which is hinted at many times before she reveals it to Ordham, is particularly sordid; but as neither the recital of it nor the fact of Ordham's marriage is sufficient to affect his passion, she, to save him from utter social ruin, takes the only way out. In spite of, perhaps because of, the shallowness and insincerity of her character, Mabel Ordham, the young wife, is a very pathetic figure, and her death is a painful episode, with a touch of real tragedy. "I don't mind dying so much," she says to her husband, "for I am so tired. I don't care, and there is nothing left to live for . . . but I have lost, lost, and I was so sure I should win. . . . I was a real little queen, and now I am nothing! nothing! And only nineteen . . . I think I should not mind even that—anything . . . if I could only have understood you. But to have been your wife, to have loved you so, and to die knowing that not for one minute, not for one second—and even death gives me no insight——" Yet, in spite of occasional good scenes, we do not altogether feel that Mrs. Atherton has given us of her best in "Tower of Ivory"; but then Mrs. Atherton's best is very good indeed.

Photo by Rita Martin, Baker Street, W. **Violet Tweedale.**

HYPOCRITES AND SINNERS. By Violet Tweedale. 6s. (Long.)

Mrs. Tweedale has a bone—several bones, indeed—to pick with the methods of present-day Socialists, and she seems to find much joy in her condemnation of them. Her villain, who, we were glad to find, is one of the thorough-going old-fashioned kind, is a Socialist M.P.; his dupe, a Nonconformist minister with leanings towards the New Theology, comes to an unpleasant end through his advocacy of Socialism; a prominent Socialist worker finds that the theory leads him to lunacy and murder. All the unpleasant people in the book, indeed, are Socialists—and all the pleasant people are Imperialists. The hero, who is in the diplomatic service, is an Imperialist; so is the rejected lover, a very decent fellow, and a skilled musician and aeroplanist; so is the hero's mother and her devoted lover, the Austrian count. The only possible exceptions are the heroine, who may best be described as an Independent with Conservative leanings, and her mother, a religious mystic who has no political opinions. This last character, well and tenderly drawn, seems to us the most satisfying in the book. Mrs. Tweedale puts the case against Socialism very strongly, while incidentally she manages to pillory many of the modern failings of society in general. She does all this skilfully enough, but we cannot help wishing that she would get on with her story, which, although it is forced into the background, is an uncommonly good one. The dramatic portions are sound craftsmanship, and we can recommend the whole book as being both interesting and suggestive. It seems to us to mark a considerable advance upon even the best of the author's former work.

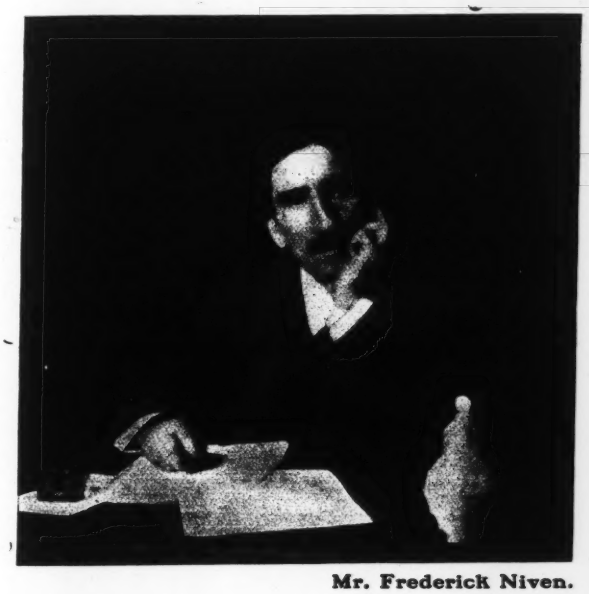
A MAID OF THE SILVER SEA. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No island, perhaps, is more alive with the spirit of adventure than Sark, that rock-bound gem of the English Channel. To secure a landing in rough weather is itself an experience, but the culminating thrill of all is undoubtedly to stand on the Coupée—the narrow strip of pathway which bridges the yawning abyss between little Sark and its larger namesake. It is not, therefore, surprising that Mr. Oxenham should have chosen the perils of the Coupée as the central idea of a characteristically fresh and breezy story of love and adventure; but it is the Coupée of the days before the present hand-rail was erected to safeguard the passenger. A charming frontispiece in colour by Harold Copping introduces the reader to Nance Hamon, a native of Sark, who has grown up in constant fear of the brutal persecutions of her half-brother Tom, who takes every opportunity of showing the resentment he feels over the material depreciation of his prospects resulting from his father's second marriage. With the advent of Stephen Gard, the new captain of the silver mines, Nance finds a protectress and a lover. A quarrel between Tom and Gard is followed, the next morning, by the discovery of the former's mangled body at the foot of the Coupée, and investigation shows death to have been caused by violent blows on the head with a hammer, or the like. Gard is tried for murder and acquitted. The men of Sark, however, are convinced of his guilt, and, "being a law unto themselves," demand blood for blood. With the help of Nance, Gard manages to find a hiding-place on a rocky promontory, accessible only by sea, and there holds his own against the fury of both man and Nature until the occurrence of a second mysterious murder on the Coupée under identical circumstances demonstrates conclusively his innocence. The method which Gard adopts to solve the mystery is decidedly thrilling, and the solution is intensely dramatic. "A Maid of the Silver Sea," besides providing an excellent and absorbingly interesting story, abounds in vividly realistic word-pictures

of the varying sea-scapes and natural beauties of Sark, and altogether forms an ideal holiday-book.

A MARRIAGE UNDER THE TERROR. By Patricia Wentworth. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

A pretty young aristocrat, Mdlle. Aline de Rochambeau, is saved from the guillotine by the coolness of Dangeau, a colleague of Danton. Dangeau declares they are betrothed, and the marriage has to be consummated before the girl has time to realise her position. The pair come dangerously near to the guillotine before the end of the story, but it would not be fair to the authoress to give her plot away. She has written a thoroughly exciting tale of the Revolution; the scenes in Paris and in the country are graphically described, and perhaps the highest praise a reviewer can give the novel is to confess that, after the perusal of over a dozen stories of the kind, he has read this one with unabated interest. If it is a first novel, it is full of promise. Miss Wentworth has caught the temper of the romantic tale; she has even learnt the secret of working up to a powerful dramatic situation and then resuming the course of the narrative without dropping the attention of her readers. The heroine is not a very vital creature. Miss Wentworth might put more blood into her women in future. However, there is plenty of other people's blood in this novel, and the reader may open it with the assurance that he is in the hands of a very competent story-teller.



Mr. Frederick Niven.

THE ISLAND PROVIDENCE. By Frederick Niven. 6s. (John Lane.)

When Mr. Frederick Niven's first book, "The Lost Cabin Mine," was published, those who had been told it was a first-born agreed that it had great promise. But had they been ignorant of this they might have recognised not only promise, but accomplishment. That book contained features new to English romance. In his second book Mr. Niven comes into line with the great tradition of the English novel as distinct from the tale of romantic adventure. He has added something to the novel as such, not form, not, perhaps, treatment, although somewhat of the latter, but, more particularly, temperament. He is Smollett spiritualised, Smollett with inward vision. His style is nervous and intense, and not yet entirely free of its masters. But it is always strong, with the masculine note of the best part of the seventeenth century. But above all things Mr. Niven is honest, so honest at times that he himself even is forced to pause and admire. His admiration of his own frankness takes an apologetic form, but it is a conceit none the less, and a criticism of our squeamish age as well; as, for instance, his "pardon me, gentlemen," after the tragi-comic accident to the breeches of little John Upcott. The appeal to *gentlemen* is excellent satire all the same. And again, in the grim realism of Chapter XII. where, in a description of a sailors' fracas, he stops before the recital of a particularly gruesome incident to remind us that "this is life, not a story in which only pretty things happen." Indeed, "The Island Providence" is not a story at all, it is a novel in the best sense of an abused word. It is a slice of life at the close of the seventeenth century, starting in Devonshire among peasants and seafaring men, continuing among buccaneers and desperadoes in the Indies, and closing in Devon again with love-lorn Upcott, the central figure, gazing "with puckered eyes . . . into the nothingness far-off beyond the verge of the climbing sea." The book abounds with incident, but never for the sake of incident; all its stirring occurrences are mosaics in the building of character. Some might urge that Upcott's character is indefinite, but this would be a shallow view; Upcott only appears indefinite because he is revealed before a background which expands over half a world. The rest of the characters are vivid miniatures, some, like Mrs. Upcott, Cassandra and Tomasina, old Uncle Ravenning, and Captain Avery are delightful, whilst there are several which move almost uncivilised emotions. He possesses a keen sense of the romance of reality; mingling his frankness, and his exact powers of observation, with a curious old-world pose, which makes his style strut and peacock itself, like a man who sets his hat at a raffish angle for vanity. But behind it all there is a robust optimism; he believes things will right themselves eventually, and in such a happy fatalism he weaves his intensely tragic theme with deliberate and obvious artifice, accomplishing a memorable piece of reading and good literature.

The Bookman's Table.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S NOTE-BOOKS. Arranged and rendered into English with Introductions by Edward McCurdy, M.A. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

Few personalities have had more fascination for the minds of men than that of Leonardo da Vinci. From his own day to ours he has exacted a tribute of almost superstitious admiration. To Morelli he was "perhaps the most richly gifted by nature among all the sons of men." Francis I., Leonardo's friend—might they not be called the outward and visible sign and the inward and spiritual grace of the Renaissance?—considered him, pre-eminently, a philosopher. Ruskin might call him "the slave of an archaic smile," but we know what Walter Pater made of that smile in a piece of creative criticism the greatness of which should not be forgotten in contempt for the mechanical worship of Monna Lisa which has been its fruit. R. L. S., who cared more for life than for art, thought Leonardo the only man certainly worthy to inspire a woman's love. Michelet thought him a brother of Faust. And all these opinions find their justification in the pages of those note-books which the great artist filled with his tiny, left-handed writing. Leonardo's mind was a diamond of many facets. We think of him most readily as the supreme painter. But he was much more than that. He was certainly no nebulous æsthete. A dreamer of strange dreams, his thought was curiously concrete. His dicta on painting are precise and practical. Much of his writing was scientific, and his great mind apprehended dimly many a truth which was not for many a generation to be brought to light. He was an insatiable seeker after knowledge, which he calls the "natural desire of good men." Fully to appreciate the sentences which Mr. McCurdy has selected, one has to remember the gulf

of centuries. Much of what, to Leonardo, was new truth or daring conjecture, is to us chimera or old fable or platitude. Also it must be remembered that though Leonardo wrote for publication, many of his notes are the unrevised jottings of the moment's thought. Here and there pure, unconditioned gold glows forth, but it is when viewed in relation to the whole that each part takes on its full value, recreating for us the man with all his varied activities, his restless energy, his great desire, his great beauty of spirit. Mr. McCurdy has done his work of editing in a manner that could not be bettered.

MANY GODS. By Cale Young Rice. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Cale Young Rice is always at his best as a lyrist. He has a fine dramatic instinct and his poetical plays reach a high level of achievement, but he is before all else the singer, and this new volume of lyrics will add not a little to his reputation. They are songs of many lands, and the gods of many lands; some of them are clothed in the daintiness and elusive graces of Japan; some are steeped in the mystery and golden splendours of India; some breathe the secret, world-old spirit of Egypt. Thoughtful, fanciful, imaginative as these are, one finds a yet tenderer grace, a subtler charm and beauty, in such homelier and more intimate lyrics as "Via Amorosa," which is addressed to A. H. R., and has this for its opening verse:

> "When we two walk, my love, on the path
> The moon makes over the sea,
> To the end of the world where sorrow hath
> An end that is ecstasy,
> Should we not think of the other road
> Of wearying dust and stone
> Our feet would fare did each but care
> To follow the way alone?"

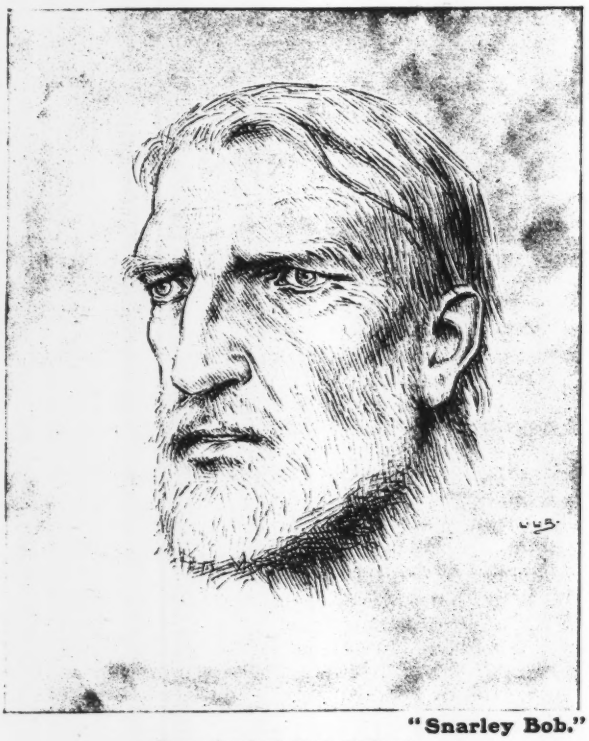
"Many Gods" is in every way worthy of the author of "Nirvana Days," and indeed in certain of these later poems we think Mr. Rice shows a higher vision and a surer mastery of expression than ever before.

PARTY AND PEOPLE. By Cecil Chesterton. 2s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

It is far easier to write a dull book on politics than a bright one, but Mr. Cecil Chesterton's "Party and People," as those who remember his "Gladstonian Ghosts" would expect, belongs to the latter class. He has wit and commonsense, an individual point of view, and a trenchant and stimulating style. "Party and People," although a study in politics, is anti-political. Mr. Chesterton criticises the whole of our Party system and both Liberal, Conservative, and Labourist come under his scalpel. The attitude he adopts is that of the average man; and his aim is to set forth why that person never gets exactly what he wants through a political machine which is reputedly democratic. "I have no desire that men should grow wings," he writes, "I merely want to get the fetters off their legs. The things that I want are the things that the mass of normal men want, and always have wanted. The difficulty is that they cannot always get them." One of the chief causes of this discontent is that the country is not ruled by the people, but by politicians. Secret party funds, party whips, vested interests, and other matters are always coming between the people and their needs. Mr. Chesterton sees salvation in the break-up of the Party System, and the establishment of a new People's Party, whose chief aim is the abolition of poverty. The break-up of the Two-Party System has already begun by the introduction of the Group System and the present deadlock in politics following upon the politician's one hope, "the pendulum," refusing to swing at the last General Election according to habit. Mr. Chesterton ranges over the whole field of modern politics, and his opinions on the various questions now engaging those who interest themselves in the affairs of the country—Licensing, Protection, Free Trade, the House of Lords, the Minority Report, Ireland, Militarism, and the Colonies—are refreshingly sincere and thoughtful. The author of "Party and People" is that rare thing among political thinkers—an observer of human nature and an unabashed realist. His book is able, penetrating, and conscientious: a striking political study.

MAD SHEPHERDS, AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES. By L. P. Jacks. 4s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Beyond being acquainted with the fact that Mr. Jacks is the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, we know nothing of his former work. We are strongly of the belief that we have been missing a great deal, for "Mad Shepherds" is a book of a most unusual kind. Naturally a theological tinge is given to most of the anecdotes it contains, and it is difficult to know how far to take the book as fiction, for portions of it, and possibly large portions, are clearly almost exactly true to life. However, though it may be a difficult book to class, there can be no doubt whatever of its high quality. Three-quarters of "Mad Shepherds" is devoted to the dissection of the character of one Snarley Bob, and it is here that Mr. Jacks especially distinguishes himself. Snarley Bob is a saint, yet far from being saintly, and a mystic of tremendous experience who can never be induced to talk—and a highly successful shepherd. The various anecdotes through which different shades of Snarley Bob's character are conveyed to the reader are well managed, and are at once dramatic and humorous. The remainder of the book is of a slighter kind, but Mr. Jacks shows always a deep understanding of human nature. It is hard to say which we have enjoyed most, the subject-matter or the manner of these sketches, but we have no doubt about our enjoyment. We can recommend "Mad Shepherds" very heartily; our readers will find it far more interesting than any novel.



"Snarley Bob."

From a drawing by L. Leslie Brooke.
From "Mad Shepherds, and Other Human Studies," by L. P. Jacks. (Williams & Norgate.)

Queen Joanna I.
From an engraving after a contemporary picture.
From "The Beautiful Queen." (Hutchinson.)

THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN JOANNA I. OF NAPLES. By Francesca M. Steele. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Joanna, sometime Queen of Naples, has been called the Neapolitan Mary Queen of Scots, and her great beauty and the vicissitudes of her life and the tragedy of her death sufficiently justify the title. The conditions under which her husband Andrew was assassinated, with some slight alterations of detail, remind one forcibly of the murder of Darnley. Joanna, too, has been accused of being privy to her husband's murder, but on the whole Miss Steele makes a strong case for her innocence of this. She was married when she was still a child, and succeeded to her grandfather's throne before she was out of her teens. Petrarch and Boccaccio were numbered among her friends and have eulogised her in their works, for she was a woman of refinement and of intellect, as well as of beauty; with a charm of manner that made many friends, and a simplicity and good-nature that did not help her against her implacable enemies. She seems to have been as good a Queen as, in the circumstances, was possible. If she did nothing that benefited her country, not even to the extent of giving the people ordinary peace and security, it must be admitted that such blessings were scarcely to be had by any one in fourteenth-century Italy, and the stirring, dramatic, often tragic events of her reign make an exciting and most poignantly interesting story. Miss Steele writes sympathetically and well; her style is now and then a little slip-shod, but she has studied her subject with care, marshals her facts lucidly, and has produced a fascinating historical romance that is also good history. The book is illustrated with seventeen plates, including two photogravure portraits.

LORD COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME. With an Introduction by his grandson, Harry A. Cockburn. 6s. net. (Foulis.)

With its portraits in colour by Sir Henry Raeburn, this new edition is of those warm and grateful books that are pleasant to see upon one's shelves. Men, women, and things of a crowded time now gone . . . there is no magic better than the magic which good familiar talk about these can give you. And here they are linked by the great Scotch spirit. In these pages by the leader of the Scottish Bar and the Judge of the Court of Session of his time, they are sturdy and lovable men who make their appearance—the very sound of their names alone makes you think they were special men, and wonder if we are as lucky in our present age. There was Alexander Adam, who pushed to such high scholarly honour by so steep a path. There were the big men of the *Review*, Sydney Smith and the others, who, one by one, heard the call of London, and set southward; there were the big men of the law, Lord Newton, whom they called "The Mighty," and Lord Eskgrove, who insisted that his jurymen should stand all the time. Cockburn, returning to the court at twelve one night, found them still standing, fighting against sleep, while Eskgrove's chin still moved upon his charge to the unfortunate men. A good lawyer, Eskgrove, but ludicrous as a man. "The things that he did and said every day are beginning to be incredible to this correct and flat age." Thus writes Lord Cockburn. To one reader this new edition of his book makes a good tonic, and he forgets for a space the seeming flatness of his own age.

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON, QUIETIST. By Alex. R. Macewen, D.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Perhaps the two most famous Quietists are Fenelon and Madame Guyon, followers of the Spanish priest Molinos, with whom, in the seventeenth century, Quietism proper may almost be said to have originated. At all events he popularised the doctrine to such an extent that the ecclesiastical authorities who had at first looked upon his teachings with favour were presently busy persecuting him and suppressing them, since it was evident that his assertion of individualism tended to undermine the autocracy of the Church. Molinos preached, as Dr. Macewen says, that "Christian perfection may be attained by resting peacefully in communion with God, and the means prescribed were spiritual conferences, prayer, and the sacrifice of self-will. The quietness or quietude at which Molinos aimed was a condition of complete inactivity, in which external things were regarded as of no account." Antoinette Bourignon was contemporary with Molinos, but she had gone far upon her career as a Quietist before his influence began to make itself felt. She left home and took over the control of an orphanage at Lille, gradually separated from the Church, which proceeded to denounce and persecute her, and, developing her views and her aims, founded the sect that was called by her name, and that, spreading all over Europe, occupied in England and Scotland, early in the eighteenth century, much the same position that Swedenborgianism held later. Dr. Macewen has told the story of this extraordinary woman's career and expounded her teachings with an admirable impartiality; his full and luminous presentation of her, and his extracts from her books amply justify his statement that "in her life, as in her writings, she revealed a forceful character struggling in loneliness against all religious limitations." Not a pleasant nor a perfect character, but a woman of striking originality and of great ideals. This book of Dr. Macewen's will be invaluable to students of religious history; not the less so because he has known how to handle a deeply interesting subject in a style that is as interesting as it is scholarly.

Notes on New Books.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS.

For any one who needs or wishes to know facts and figures concerning Germany of to-day, and gain a true picture of the nation and its inhabitants as they are in their every-day life,

there could not be a better book than **Germany of the Germans**, by Robert M. Berry (6s. net). It deals with German life in all its phases, its work, its play, its politics, its sports, its army, its navy, its women, its unemployed, its music, its drama, its literature—in fact, with every detail of its being, from its constitution to its culture, from its Emperor to its paupers. Mr. Barry has produced a volume which will not only be kept as a valuable reference-book, but will also attract the general reader; for not only is it full of information, it is full of interest and variety.

MR. JOHN LONG.

A man of quixotic honour and a scheming woman are the chief actors in this well-told story, **To Justify the Means** (6s.), by A Peer. The Earl of Herondrake, as the result of a motor smash, was subject to loss of memory, and it was through the knowledge of this secret that Poppy Elvaston, a drunken adventuress, played upon his sense of honour so that he married her. The theme is a painful one, as the story thereafter is simply an account of Poppy's degradation. The craving for absinthe and the cunning shown in procuring it are forcibly described. Herondrake has a staunch friend in Gerald Bevan (who, by the way, is at first called Jerry, but after page 9 becomes Terry), and it is he who indirectly brings on the catastrophe which brings a merciful death to the drunken wife and freedom to the long-suffering earl and the girl to whom he had been engaged before his rash marriage.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Originality may certainly be predicated of the plot of Mr. E. R. Punshon's new story, **The Glittering Desire.** It is a tale of a remarkable kind of vendetta prosecuted by the father and daughter of an unhappy inventor against the man who had driven him to suicide. The secret of the wonderful invention, which would have made its user the richest person in the world, was concealed in cypher, and the story tells of the scheming of Noah Siddle and his beautiful grand-daughter, Eira, to obtain the secret from James Hetherington and to lure him at the same time to his doom. To that end they come from America to London, where they take part in a breathless series of adventures which end in Hetherington and his daughter, Delia, and her unwilling lover, Hugh Tallentine, setting out for Petersville, U.S.A., in the hope of solving the secret. Noah Siddle had set all his plans with diabolical cunning, but at the moment of victory he found he had overreached himself, and had to forgo his revenge to save Eira's life. The novel is packed with incident, and the novelty of the plot retains the interest to the last page.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Miss Florence Warden has not given us one of her mystery tales in **The Case for the Lady** (6s.); but she has made her story very entertaining in a rather more frivolous manner. At the beginning, an elderly baronet who has lived at home with an excellent unmarried sister, announces his marriage with a young girl with whom he is perfectly infatuated. His loving eyes do not see the rouge, the bronzed hair, and all the other details of the young lady's make-up; but the less loving eyes of the unmarried sister are more critical. The unmarried sister, however, behaves as well as such a lady in such a position could be expected to behave. It is the handsome young cousin who plays havoc with the elderly husband's peace of mind. The story is a quite good-humoured comedy, and it is a refreshing change to find that in the main its characters do not wish to be mischievous in the circumstances in which the ordinary novel-writer would have made them tiringly so. Miss Warden is a skilled authoress, and there is clever characterisation in this volume.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The most important of the new editions just at present are the beautiful and varied forms of the George V. **Book of Common Prayer.** The Oxford University Press sends us some examples of admirable type and tasteful binding. This publishing house is the last word in promptness and excellence, and their new editions at all prices are a pleasure to hold and to read.

An interesting reprint is de Sénancour's **Obermann,** of which the Walter Scott Publishing Co. have just issued the first volume (1s. net). Matthew Arnold's poems in praise of this work have led many a book-lover to these outpourings from de Sénancour's pen. "To me it will always seem that the impressiveness of this production can hardly be rated too high," said Arnold. And here it is in handy, pleasing form, translated, with introduction and notes, by Mr. J. Anthony Barnes.

New Books of the Month.

FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

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NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH.—The Complete Works. Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Vol. XIII. 3s. 6d. net ....(Foulis)
NUNNS, THEODORA.—The Psalms and their Makers. 3s. net .....(David Nutt)
RANDALL, FRANK H.—Higher Attainments. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
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SANDAY, WILLIAM, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D.—Christologies Ancient and Modern. 6s. net ....(Clarendon Press)
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